

THE MIND OF A MONKEY. By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, LL.D.  
MOKE AT DUDLEY (Illustrated). By Thomas Burke.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

## THE MAINTENANCE OF RIVERS

IN another part of this issue will be found an account of the procedure being adopted to put the River Lugg in order. The story of the stream is typical of what has happened in nearly every rural county, and the proceedings will have great interest for all who recognise the importance of river drainage. The last previous occasion on which the Lugg was subjected to this process was a hundred and thirty years ago, when a scheme was floated for its navigation. Something of the kind must have happened on many and many a small river which no one thinks of navigating now. It will be remembered that, although the great highways had been improved at that time, transport in purely rural country remained difficult at all times and practically impossible in winter. The railway had not yet been brought into use, so that there was a disposition to utilise every possible form of river transport. But the same obstructions that have to be removed before flat-bottomed boats or barges can be used for river traffic stand very much in the way of agricultural development. Londoners, at any rate, need no one to teach them this lesson, since scarcely a year passes without its being impressed on their minds by the flooding of the Thames Valley. Our great London river has certainly not been neglected. The Conservancy Board has done its work well, and realised that the drainage of an immense agricultural district depends on the outfall being kept clear.

To the little country rivers not so much attention has been given. They were far better kept in the eighteenth century than they were in the nineteenth, because as soon as the train service was established water transport diminished in importance. Many a canal that was in existence a hundred and fifty years ago is like the one that crosses the Lugg a few miles above Hereford, a great ditch with lines of trees set where the mules and barge horses used to run, or rather walk. Naturally those who pinned their faith to railways were inclined to discountenance canal traffic. In the days of agricultural prosperity, which attended and followed the Continental war, farmers and landowners found it worth while to maintain what an old edict calls "the defences against inundation." But this prosperity of agriculture proved to be ephemeral. There was depression in the middle of the nineteenth century and something worse than depression in the 'eighties and the 'nineties. As food growing became a profitless calling such adjuncts to it as liming and draining came to be completely neglected. It is only now, when a prospect is opening of greater affluence in husbandry, that the matter is once more assuming importance.

The history of drainage legislation is pretty well known, but those who wish to rub up their memory of it will find the story well epitomised in the first chapter of Mr. C. H. J. Clayton's book on "Land Drainage from Field to Sea." It carries us back to a time when British agriculture was, to a very large extent, a struggle against water, especially in the low-lying districts of the Midlands and Eastern Counties. Mr. Clayton enumerates three principal reasons for conditions having grown worse. There is, first, the decay in inland navigation to which we have referred: it carried with it a neglect of locks, sluices and waterways. Secondly, water-milling became a decadent industry and that brought about the neglect of mill sluices, by-passes, weirs, spill waters and tumbling bays. At the present time the third cause is found in the strain flung upon channels and banks owing to larger discharges and under-drainage of agricultural land. In the case of the Lugg it will be seen that there is a fourth and a very important reason to be taken into account. This is the growth in the river of willows and other trees, the blocking of the stream by logs, tree trunks and *débris* caught by the willows, the silt precipitated by water-weeds (streamers), rushes and sedges. It was not without reason that the Land Drainage Act of 1918 was passed.

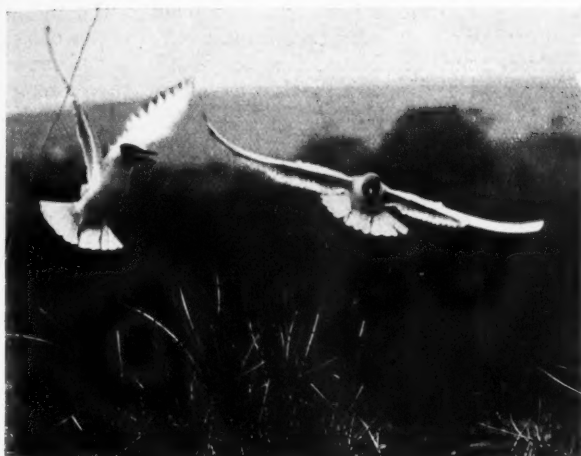
At the present moment there is a special reason why those who get their living on the banks of a river should know why this Act was passed. In order to start its carrying out Drainage Boards were called into existence, and their members nominated, but in September those nominated Boards are to be succeeded by elected Boards; hence the need of placing those who will vote in possession of knowledge in regard to the subject. There are a great many farmers who have lost sight of the importance of drainage. They think that very little is all that is necessary to be done. They would only pull out the tree trunks and cut the willows and perhaps strengthen the banks, instead of making a thorough job of it. Naturally, at a time when rates are high they are jealous of incurring the extra expense, and, of course, such works as are described in our pages to-day cannot be done without considerable outlay. But this certainly has not been outrageous in the case before us. We understand there is good reason for hoping that the requisite loan will be obtained at a reasonable rate for interest and sinking fund. The advantage of a sinking fund is that the annual payments will dwindle year by year till at the end of thirty years they disappear altogether.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR first full-page illustration this week is a new portrait of Lady Eileen Browne, eldest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Sligo. Her marriage to Earl Stanhope, D.S.O., M.C., takes place to-day.

\* \* \* Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.





## COUNTRY NOTES

**W**HATEVER may be the outcome of the present labour dispute, it has had the effect of clearing the air and letting all sides know exactly where they stand. The miners, much as they object to force as a remedy, resorted to it themselves in the most repugnant form when they insisted on the pump men coming out. On the other hand, there were marshalled in opposition to them, with a promptitude and courage inspired by the Prime Minister, forces against which any struggle would have been in vain. We have always held that trade stoppages are suicidal in character, and are entirely in favour of settling them by peaceful means. Labour is thoroughly entitled to show its discontent with its wages or any other conditions of life. To a complaint of this kind the most sympathetic hearing should be given. It was not exactly Labour that was in fault this time, but the revolutionaries, who are duping Labour.

**T**HE *Times* correspondent at Washington ended a memorable message, dated Tuesday, April 11th, with a prophecy that "the time is now fast coming when the Government in London will be able to hold daily telephone conversations with the governments of the Dominions and India." It was based on a conversation carried on between speakers in Catalina and Washington, a distance of over 5,000 miles. If we had the equipment in this country it would be possible for London to talk with Cape Town, with Calcutta, and even with Hong Kong and Peking *via* Calcutta.

**T**HE Building Trades Exhibition, which opened this week at Olympia, is always of very great interest, not only to architects, builders and others directly concerned with building, but also to the general public, because in this Exhibition is brought together all that is latest in regard to the construction, equipment and embellishment of houses. We are still in the midst of the abnormal conditions which were created by the war, and in keeping oneself fully informed as to what is now obtainable it is of very great assistance to be able to see in one place such a representative collection of exhibits as those which are now brought together at the Exhibition at Olympia. Whether it be the fabric of the house—brick, stone or concrete, tile or wood; whether it be features of equipment, such as economical cooking ranges, gas or electric lighting and heating appliances, and hot water supply apparatus; or whether it be materials for decoration—new paints, enamels and distempers, new floorings and panellings, or decorative plasterwork—all can be seen at the Building Trades Exhibition, which is open every day from eleven to nine up to and including Tuesday week next, April 26th.

**I**N a Sunday contemporary Sir W. H. Bragg discusses the possible means by which we could get rid of that slavery to coal which is the cause of so much trouble. At present, as he properly says, coal is a vital factor in the composition of practically every single article in use. What is there to put in its place? Not electricity because it is as dependent upon coal as is steam. Not the tides for Professor Bragg doubts if man's dreams in that direction are likely to mature. Not the winds for he is equally doubtful about the harnessing of this vagrant power. Radium has the capacity, but, then, it is at present so scarce that enough could not be obtained to alleviate the tyranny of coal. Oil is a competitor, but is never likely to be a complete substitute. The Professor thinks that atomic energy will supply our future need. "The power contained in the atom would certainly seem to be the energy of the years to come." Professor Rutherford has shown that in certain circumstances he can disintegrate the atom, and this Sir John says we may regard as offering the most hopeful outlook for the future.

**T**HE Forestry Commission appears to have made an excellent start on the planting of 2,500 acres of land at Butley, Suffolk, which was purchased some two years ago from Lord Rendlesham. About a thousand acres have already been planted, mostly with Corsican and Scots pine, and it is proposed to plant two million conifers this spring. This is a good practical step to take, as there is very little prospect of wood being anything but dear for the next twenty or thirty years at least. Whether it is the most profitable method of utilising the so-called barren land of Suffolk is open to question. The returns obtained from Methwold suggest that a part of this land at least could have been turned to food production, and it is well worth considering whether it would not be worth while to reclaim the best of the heath and turn it into small holdings interspersed in the forest. That would be killing two birds with one stone. It would add to the food resources of the country and provide on the spot labour which could be utilised in forestry.

### THE SHIP.

See in the road, Love as a laden ship;  
Imagined shape making her port by night!  
The spaced lights outline her, rise and dip,  
A swaying constellation . . . Lost to sight  
The swarthy crew, red capped, with earrings, girls  
Gold ankleted, and ivory and apes,  
Mangos and moidores and orient pearls  
Spoiled from discovered countries, rounded capes!  
Home from the lemon groves of Naxos and  
Spiced Tripoli and windy Syracuse,  
Oh will you call me alien, Native Land,  
Deny me haven, pilotage refuse?

If as Adventurer I come to you,  
Call me but Love . . . I'll be baptised anew!

GRACE JAMES.

**A** CORRESPONDENT of the *Observer* has had an interesting interview with the German Minister of Education at Berlin. He is naturally overwhelmed with work just now as a reform of the whole scholastic system has been deemed necessary to adapt the schools to the needs and ideals of the young republic. The most interesting of these changes is the establishment of the Einheits-Schule—the one-school, the one-class system. This is not exactly an outcome of the revolution, as the system was being carefully considered in Germany before the outbreak of war. Its aim is to get rid of class boundaries and class distinctions and, consequently, of class war. Incidentally it tends to equalise opportunity also. Probably the best heads in Germany are reflecting that if this matter had been taken in hand a quarter of a century ago, it would have immensely strengthened the nation. The idea is becoming increasingly popular in other quarters of the world, and it may be well worth consideration whether those countries which have not yet undergone the trial of warfare between different classes ought not to consider how it might be avoided by the adoption of a uniform system of education.

It would certainly have the effect of teaching the children of rich and poor alike that they were citizens of the same country, and the familiarity thus established would be of great value when industrial disputes came up for settlement.

MUCH anxiety was felt by food growers throughout the country during the snap of cold weather which occurred last week. It would be very unfortunate indeed if last year's history were to be repeated this year: it may be summarised as a magnificent show of blossom, followed by an almost entire absence of fruit. Last week there were showers of hail and snow, strong winds from the north-east and ground frosts at night. Exposed to these were plum trees in full bloom, pears and cherries very nearly as much advanced, and apples not in flower except in one or two favoured and sheltered spots. It would, we think, be premature to say that the fruit crop was irretrievably damaged, although a considerable quantity of blossom was blown down and scattered on the grass. The spell of rigorous winter was, however, followed by a return of the warmer weather, and, probably, much of the fruit is still unharmed, although there is time yet for damage to be done.

THE pleasant weather which, in the main, we have enjoyed this spring is reflected in the extremely cheerful monthly Report issued by the Minister of Agriculture. The weather has enabled cultivation to get well forward in every part of the country and the crops are coming on well. It seems that the area sown with wheat and oats will be about the same as last year, though there will be rather less barley. Everything is favourable for the preparation for potato planting, which is now well advanced in most parts of England. Hay and pasture are highly promising. Grass is beginning to grow, pastures are freshening and there is a fair supply of grass in most districts, though the cold nights checked growth in the latter part of the month. Livestock appear to have wintered well in every part of the country and are in good condition and thriving. Lambing is now general in lowland flocks and the fall of lambs is satisfactory. All would be well but for one of those recurrent outbreaks of foot and mouth disease from which it seems almost impossible to escape.

IT is so generally recognised that all living things are related and connected in a thousand different ways that we are sure our readers will welcome a series of studies by Professor Thomson of Aberdeen of which we are publishing the first in this number. As a whole, the series will deal with the Mind of Animals. The Professor begins this week with a close and fascinating study of the Monkey Mind. This will be followed by similar essays respectively on Mind in the Reptile, the Mollusc, the Crab, the Cat, the Dog, the Horse, the Amphibian, the Spider, the Worm, the Bird, the Fish and the Insect. The conclusion of the series will be a study of the Dawn of Mind. Taken altogether these essays will form a valuable and most attractive examination of mind in all its important expressions.

THE ex-Kaiserin has not long outlived the break-up of the German Empire. She died at Doorn at six o'clock on Monday morning. She is one of that very small number of Germans who are much more to be pitied than blamed. Her heart did not lie in politics, but in the home. Her most joyful moments were probably those in which she was at home with her six boys, all of them handsome and full of the graces of youth; their transgressions, whatever they might be, still lying far away in the future. She was a mother and a housewife after the German ideal: that is to say, one who took little interest in those schemes and ambitions in which the men delight. It is one of the greatest cruelties of war that the innocent suffer with the guilty, those who stay at home as well as those who appear on the field of battle. It would be barbarous to murmur over the death of the innocent *Hausfrau* anything but a message of sympathy. She was not in the slightest degree responsible for the doings of her husband.

DUCKLETS and drakerels—the language is that of a contributor to the Journal of the Board of Agriculture—are in many places being bred in preference to the chicken. The very concise and sensible article in the Journal contains information that should enable any who are desirous of doing so to start keeping these birds during the present year. The reasons for which they are recommended are simple. The ducklet, when she comes to be a duck, is a very good layer, though Mr. Oscar Brown, the author of the article, cautiously avoids comparison with the records made in poultry competitions. They do, however, lay very freely, and they lay an egg which is something like twice the weight of that of an ordinary hen. Also they are very much less trouble to keep; they are good foragers. In a garden or field they eat many slugs and snails at which the fastidious chicken turns up its nose. Against them it is urged that they have too much bone and too little flesh. The ducklet and drakerel may be well worth cooking at a tender age because of their flavour, but when they have turned into the duck and drake they have less to recommend them for the table. The main reason for keeping them, then, should be egg-production, and if they are kept for family consumption it may be as well to ascertain beforehand how far the consumers are likely to appreciate their flavour.

#### CHURCH.

St. Martin In The Fields is where  
I always go to church;  
You couldn't find a nicer place,  
However you might search.  
It's true the hymns and collects are  
A bit too hard to find,  
And psalms are sung all jumbled to  
Their tunes—but I don't mind.  
For when I'm tired of windows, walls,  
And everything in sight,  
I shut my eyes and hold my breath,  
And wish with all my might,  
“*St. Martin In The Fields!*” I wish  
(His name's in every pew  
On every book, and if you want  
Him *hard*, he will come true).  
The walls and windows melt away  
To give him room to pass,  
And houses, too—because, of course,  
St. Martin's fields are grass.  
The Strand is full of primroses,  
Larks sing at Charing Cross,  
The cabs and 'buses turn to trees  
And violets and moss.  
St. Martin smiles and beckons me,  
And we step softly out  
To where the lambs and bunnies are,  
And we can jump and shout.  
A stream goes gaily tinkling through  
St. Martin's fields, and flowers  
Are thickest on its banks, so there  
We play for hours and hours.  
St. Martin's never cross or tired;  
We dabble, dance and run—  
And when he brings me back again  
The sermon's mostly done.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE tenth game of the great chess match between Capablanca and Lasker was won by the former. Playing it must have been a most exhausting ordeal, for it was twice adjourned, the second time sealed at the sixty-fourth move, and the play is reported to have been most exceedingly keen on both sides. When Capablanca unsealed the last move he had made at the adjournment the champion looked at it and admitted that it had won the game. Nevertheless he urged Capablanca to play it out because he himself and chess players all over the world would like to see how the young master proposed to work through the intricate position left on the board. Capablanca had made no mistake, however, and over the board proved that his calculation had not been inaccurate.



# THE MIND OF ANIMALS.—I

## THE MIND OF A MONKEY.

BY PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, LL.D., UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

**T**HERE is, perhaps, a slight unfairness in our title, for there are monkeys and monkeys. There is a long gamut between the bushy-tailed, almost squirrel-like marmosets and the big-brained chimpanzee. There is great variety of attainment at different levels in the Simian tribe. In a general study like this we cannot hope to reach more than an average impression. There is another difficulty in our title, for it begs the question that a monkey has a mind at all. The answer to this objection will appear in the course of our study as we touch upon various pieces of monkey behaviour which cannot be adequately described without using some word like idea or some phrase like putting two and two together.

### KEEN SENSES.

To begin at the beginning, it is certain that monkeys have a first-class sensory equipment, especially as regards sight, hearing and touch. The axes of the two eyes are directed forwards as in ourselves, and a large section of the field of vision is common to both eyes. In other words, monkeys have a more complete stereoscopic vision than the rest of the mammals enjoy. They look more and smell less. They can distinguish different colours, apart from different degrees of brightness in the coloured objects. They are quick to discriminate differences in the shapes of things, e.g., boxes similar in size but different in shape, for if the prize is always put in a box of the same shape they soon learn (by association) to select the profitable one. They learn to discriminate cards with short words or with signs printed on them, coming down when the "Yes" card is shown, remaining on their perch when the card says "No." Bred to a forest life where alertness is a life-or-death quality, they are quick to respond to a sudden movement or to pick out some new feature in their surroundings. And what is true of vision holds also for hearing.

### POWER OF MANIPULATION.

Another quality which separates monkeys very markedly from ordinary mammals is their manipulative expertness, the co-ordination of hand and eye. This great gift follows from the fact that among monkeys the fore-leg has been emancipated. It has ceased to be indispensable as an organ of support; it has become a climbing, grasping, lifting, handling organ. The fore-limb has become a free hand, and everyone who knows monkeys at all is aware of the zest with which they use their tool. They enjoy pulling things to pieces—a kind of dissection—or screwing the handle off a brush and screwing it on again.

### ACTIVITY FOR ACTIVITY'S SAKE.

Professor Thorndike hits the nail on the head when he lays stress on the intensity of activity in monkeys—activity both of body and mind. They are pent-up reservoirs of energy, which almost any influence will tap. Watch a cat or a dog, Professor Thorndike says, it does comparatively few things and is content for long periods to do nothing. It will be splendidly active in response to some stimulus such as food or a friend or a fight, but if nothing appeals to its special make-up, which is very utilitarian in its interests, it will do nothing. "Watch a monkey and you cannot enumerate the things he does, cannot discover the stimuli to which he reacts, cannot conceive the *raison d'être* of his pursuits. Everything appeals to him. He likes to be active for the sake of activity."

This applies to mental activity as well, and the quality is one of extraordinary interest, for it shows the experimenting mood at a higher turn of the spiral than in any other creature, save Man. It points forward to the scientific spirit. We cannot indeed believe in the sudden beginning of any quality, and we recall the experimenting of playing mammals, such as kids and kittens, or of inquisitive adults like Kipling's mongoose, Riki-Tiki-Tavi, which made it his business in life to find out about things. But in monkeys the habit of restless experimenting rises to a higher pitch. They appear to be curious about the world. The famous psychologist whom we have quoted tells of a monkey which happened to hit a projecting wire so as to make it vibrate. He went on repeating the performance hundreds of times during the next few days. Of course, he got nothing out of it, save fun, but it was grist to his mental mill. "The fact of mental life is to monkeys its own reward." The monkey's brain is "tender all over, functioning throughout, set off in action by anything and everything."

### SHEER QUICKNESS.

Correlated with the quality of restless inquisitiveness and delight in activity for its own sake there is the quality of quickness. We mean not merely the locomotor agility that marks

most monkeys, but quickness of perception and plan. It is the sort of quality that life among the branches will engender, where it is so often a case of neck or nothing. It is the quality which we describe as being on the spot, though the phrase has slipped a bit from its original moorings. Speaking of his Bonnet monkey, an Indian macaque, second cousin to the kind that lives on the Rock of Gibraltar, Professor S. J. Holmes writes: "For keenness of perception, rapidity of action, facility in forming good practical judgments about ways and means of escaping pursuit and of attaining various other ends, Lizzie had few rivals in the animal world. . . . Her perceptions and decisions were so much more rapid than my own that she would frequently transfer her attention, decide upon a line of action, and carry it into effect before I was aware of what she was about. Until I came to guard against her nimble and unexpected manœuvres, she succeeded in getting possession of many apples and peanuts which I had not intended to give her except upon the successful performance of some task."

### QUICK TO LEARN.

Quite fundamental to any understanding of animal behaviour is the distinction so clearly drawn by Sir Ray Lankester between the "little brain" type, rich in inborn or instinctive capacities, but relatively slow to learn, and the "big brain" type, with a relatively poor endowment of specialised instincts, but with great educability. The "little brain" type finds its climax in ants and bees; the "big brain" type in horses and dogs, elephants and monkeys. And of all animals monkeys are the quickest to learn, if we use the word learn to mean the formation of useful associations between this and that, between a given sense-presentation and a particular piece of behaviour.

### THE CASE OF SALLY.

Some of us remember Sally, the chimpanzee at the "Zoo" with which Dr. Romanes used to experiment. She was taught to give her teacher the number of straws he asked for, and she soon learned to do so up to five. If she handed a number not asked for, her offer was refused; if she gave the proper number, she got a piece of fruit. If she was asked for five straws, she picked them up individually and placed them in her mouth, and when she had gathered five she presented them together in her hand. Attempts to teach her to give six to ten straws were not very successful. For Sally "above six" meant "many," and, besides, her limits of patience were probably less than her range of computation. This was hinted at by the highly interesting circumstance that when dealing with numbers above five she very frequently doubled over a straw so as to make it present two ends and thus appear as two straws. The doubling of the straw looked like an intelligent device to save time, and it was persistently resorted to in spite of the fact that her teacher always refused to accept a doubled straw as equivalent to two straws. Here we get a glimpse of something beyond the mere association of a sound—"Five"—and that number of straws.

### THE CASE OF LIZZIE.

The front of the cage in which Professor Holmes kept Lizzie was made of vertical bars which allowed her to reach out with her arm. On a board with an upright nail as handle there was placed an apple—out of Lizzie's reach. She reached immediately for the nail, pulled the board in and got the apple. "There was no employment of the method of trial and error; there was direct appropriate action following the perception of her relation to board, nail, and apple." Of course her ancestors may have been adepts at drawing a fruit-laden branch within their reach, but the simple experiment was very instructive. All the more instructive because in many other cases the experiments indicate a gradual sifting out of useless movements and an eventual retention of the one that pays. When Lizzie was given a vaseline bottle containing a peanut and closed with a cork, she at once pulled the cork out with her teeth, obeying the instinct to bite at new objects, but she never learned to turn the bottle upside down and let the nut drop out. She often got the nut, and after some education she got it more quickly than she did at first, but there was no indication that she ever perceived the fit and proper way of getting what she wanted. "In the course of her intent efforts her mind seemed so absorbed with the object of desire that it was never focussed on the means of attaining that object. There was no deliberation, and no discrimination between the important and the unimportant elements in her behaviour. The gradually increasing facility of her performances depended on the apparently unconscious elimination of useless movements." This may be



called learning, but it is learning at a very low level; it is far from learning by ideas; it is hardly even learning by experiment; it is not more than learning by experience, it is not more than fumbling at learning!

#### TRIAL AND ERROR.

A higher note is struck in the behaviour of some more highly endowed monkeys. In many experiments, chiefly in the way of getting into boxes difficult to open, there is evidence (1) of attentive persistent experiment, (2) of the rapid elimination of ineffective movements, and (3) of remembering the solution when it was discovered. Kinnaman taught two macaques the Hampton Court Maze, a feat which probably means a memory of movements, and we get an interesting glimpse in his observation that they began to smack their lips audibly when they reached the latter part of their course, and began to feel, dare one say, "We are right this time."

In getting into "puzzle-boxes" and into "combination-boxes" (where the barriers must be overcome in a definite order), monkeys learn by the trial and error method much more quickly than cats and dogs do, and a very suggestive fact emphasised by Professor Thorndike is "a process of sudden acquisition by a rapid, often apparently instantaneous abandonment of the unsuccessful movements and selection of the appropriate one, which rivals in suddenness the selections made by human beings in similar performances." A higher note still was sounded by one of Thorndike's monkeys which opened a puzzle-box at once, eight months after his previous experience with it. For here was some sort of registration of a solution.

#### IMITATION.

We watched the other day two chimpanzees busily engaged in washing the two shelves of their cupboard and "wringing" the wet cloth in the approved fashion. It was like a caricature of a washerwoman, and someone said, "What mimics they are."

Now, we do not know whether that was or was not the case with the chimpanzees, but the majority of the experiments that have been made do not lead us to attach to imitation so much importance as is usually given to it by the popular interpreter. There are instances where a monkey that had given up a puzzle in despair returned to it when it had seen its neighbour succeed, but most of the experiments suggest that the creature has to find out for itself. Even with such a simple problem as drawing food near with a stick, it often seems of little use to show the monkey how it is done. Placing a bit of food outside his monkey's cage, Professor Holmes "poked it about with the stick so as to give her a suggestion of how the stick might be employed to move the food within reach, but although the act was repeated many times, Lizzie never showed the least inclination to use the stick to her advantage." Perhaps the idea of a "tool" is beyond the Bonnet Monkey, yet here again we must be cautious, for Professor L. T. Hobhouse had a monkey of the same macaque genus which learned in the course of time to use a crooked stick with great effect.

#### THE CASE OF PETER.

Perhaps the cleverest monkey as yet studied was a performing chimpanzee called Peter, which has been generously described by Dr. Lightner Wilmer. Peter could skate and cycle, thread needles and untie knots, smoke a cigarette and string beads, screw in nails and unlock locks. But what Peter was thinking about all the time it was hard to guess, and there is very little evidence to suggest that his rapid power of putting two and two together ever rose above a sort of concrete mental experimenting, which Dr. Romanes used to call perceptual inference. Without supposing that there are hard and fast boundary lines, we cannot avoid the general conclusion that, while monkeys are often intelligent, they seldom, if ever, show even hints of reason, *i.e.*, of working or playing with general ideas. That remains Man's prerogative.

## SMOKE.--I

### IMPRESSIONS OF A TOUR THROUGH BEAUTIFUL ENGLAND: AROUND DUDLEY.

By THOMAS BURKE, AUTHOR OF "LIMEHOUSE NIGHTS" AND "NIGHTS IN TOWN."

**D**UDLEY! From the name one visualises something dire and revolting: a Black Hole; thick, hot air; stress and squalor. But it belies its name. It disappointed me. I went prepared to descend to the Avernus of the uncouth. I found a respectable little town perched on a hill, high above factory and furnace. Certainly not a bright, friendly town; but also certainly not frightful.

Its High Street is no more offensive than most High Streets. Its tones are flat and wan, and its lines, like the berries of the

laurel, harsh and crude. Its architectural manners leave much to be desired. But, if it does not invite, it does not repel. It has not the vivid, compelling angles of Post-Impressionism, nor the flowing curves of Classicism. There is no romantic riot here, but an ordered procession of right angles, with nothing to say. It neither bawls nor whispers, and is not so deliberately Dudley as Wigan is emphatically Wigan.

I found it a very "lougeable" place. One would think that a town set in the heart of the iron country would be night



A PIT HEAD.



A STUDY IN CHIMNEYS.

and day astir with industry; but it is not so. The streets are full of loungers, who shop and barter as though each Dudley day held forty-eight hours. They take their time, and they can afford to do so; for real work can be done without clamour or incidental music. It is in the selling of the products of work that the noise and the rush begin. When a hen has laid an egg, it cackles about it. When a workman has made something he does not cackle; the cackling is done by the inept creature who buys it from him to sell elsewhere at a higher price.

But below Dudley, on its fringes, one does find Avernus. There indeed are stress and squalor, which have made their mark upon the town. One sees this in its choice of comforts and joys, which are wholly coarse and material; such joys and comforts as lack-lustre people turn to for solace.

Dudley High Street is a panorama of food. And such food! In the windows of its cookshops—it must have at least fifty of these—are hot roast pork, hot sausages, slabs of bright yellow Yorkshire pudding, black puddings, gigantic pork pies, faggots, tripe, cow-heel, pigs' trotters, hot peas and potatoes, bread-pudding—and platefuls of each are to be had for a few pence, and eaten at leisure in the street. Cake and pastry shops stand at every corner.

Here is rich variety, against which the fish and chips of London make a poor show. Some towns specialise in second-hand shops, some in furniture shops, some in drapery stores; but Dudley for food. In fashions and furniture it takes little interest. Butchers, grocers, bakers, confectioners—you may count a dozen of each, and all doing well. Eating seems to be its pastime. Its week seems to be one long Sunday; for everything that appears in the Sunday dinner menu of the poor London family can be had piecemeal at any hour in Dudley. When the golden lads and lasses of the town are out for the evening they do not go to the pictures or take a ride on the tram: he buys her two penn'orth of Yorkshire pudding or a saucer of faggots and green peas. Gargantua must be Dudley's patron saint.

There is no stint of rough bodily comfort. In every room in every public-house, restaurant and hotel giant fires are burning all the day, so that the stoker from the furnaces in the valley finds them a home from home. Americans, who complain so bitterly of our cold bedrooms and hotels, would be happy in Dudley.

I found the people of the town hard and a little ungracious. They hurt me, accustomed as I am to the gentle, resilient Londoner. No doubt their hearts are in the right place, but the right place takes a lot of finding by the stranger. And they do not attempt to help him. They give him no indications. There is no "walk-into-my-parlour" about them. They are a little sad, uneasy, with the uneasiness of the gawk. The girls are thick-legged and slack-mouthed; the men squat and sullen; the children uncomely. Their very speech has

a melancholy cadence. During my four days' sojourn in Dudley I scarcely saw a pretty face or gracious figure, scarcely a genial or hearty gesture. Its friendliest attitude is a certain Arctic tolerance.

But there are compensations in its landscape. At night I climbed a hill behind my hotel and discovered the beauty-spots of Dudley—Rowley, Tipton, Brierly Hill and Cradley. Upon this hill is a level stretch of waste land, its surface black. Upon it, in the half-light, foul-mouthed boys played football. Flanking it were forlorn, decrepit cottages, at whose gaping doors slobbered and fluttered travesties of woman. These women encouraged the boys by fresher blasphemies. Curses and yells floated all about me, and, as I looked down the vast valley of demoniac light and flame, these curses assisted the illusion of demonism.

My heart leaps up when I behold a chimney in the sky; chiefly, I suppose, because the chimney has no right there. It is more phenomenal than the rainbow, more wondrous than a tree. A standing tree is not exciting; it is right. It stood before man, and one expects it to stand. But a chimney is all wrong. It has no right to be in the air, and that it should stand erect and not fall down evokes wonder and applause. As I stood upon that raw, bleak edge of Dudley and looked upon that glittering valley of endeavour, I could not tell myself whether I looked upon beauty or horror.

Far away through the rainy night Tipton glowered and glowed and twinkled, and Rowley belched flame, and its burning slag flung furious crimson signals to the sky. Long lines of light, stiff and unbroken as a company of Guards, streaked at intervals the dark horizon. Elsewhere, angry flares and brilliant points of light spattered the valley. Pit shafts, with their abrupt angles and lacing wheels, rose densely black against the purple-black of the sky; and dimly, unsubstantially, chimneys, far and near, grouped themselves in accidental beauty. Almost one could hear the stout smoke flowing and drifting from their gaping mouths. It was a scene at once grievous and glorious. It was a very Devil's Allotment. I thrilled to it; first with amazement, then with a dreary sense of dismay, as at something that is not of Heaven, neither of earth nor Hell, but something lost, disembodied.

There they lie—Tipton and Rowley—spreading their slag to the moonlight and roaring from their chimneys the last demonology of the Age of Progress.

Next day I descended to the plain, and took a closer view, and felt, then, that I was indeed trespassing upon the Devil's Allotment. I went to Cradley Heath. From a study of the local paper I learned that Cradley Heath is a sort of butt for local jokes. A noble lord had been there the week before, and in replying to a speech of welcome had said that he would take away many pleasant memories of Cradley Heath, the pleasantest being that he had for long refused invitations to visit it. Elsewhere in the same issue of that paper I find a

report of a highly successful lantern lecture delivered at Cradley Heath, the subject being "The Hope of the World"; while at the church hall an interesting lecture on Tolstoy and his creed was delivered, and "a spirited discussion followed."

But you must see Cradley Heath before you catch the sharp flavour of those jests. It is not a town; it is not a village; it is not a suburb; it is not a dustbin, not a dog-kennel. It has the vilest aspect of all these things. It is as though somebody had started to build a town, and, when it was half finished, a host of giants had appeared and torn it with their horny fingers. It is more dreadful than a village devastated by guns and bombs. Their work is usually fully done, but Cradley Heath is only torn and ravelled. It still bears some resemblance to a human dwelling-place. Better perhaps that these hovels and dog-kennels should have been completely destroyed by Zeppelins, as those at Tipton were, than stand now, abominable blotches on the Blasted Heath.

I saw it on a wet and foggy day; and no words, I think, can better convey an impression of that wide, grey soggy desolation than the words of a touring lady of the chorus, who, when I spoke to her of Cradley Heath, said: "Oh, yes, I know it. Oh, it's dire, very dire!" It was worse than utter desolation, for here and there were houses of angry red brick, and through the slag and mounds of coal dust broke squabs of bright green grass: a cruel gibe at the wry, broken thing that is Cradley Heath.

A mist of secondary greyness hovered about it, and through this pit-shafts and low chimneys leered and gloomed. Scraps of vegetation, poisoned with dust, wilted by the side of broken bricks and scrapped masonry. The air was harsh to the nostrils and the lungs. In that cold March morning came through the mist the sound of dogs and raucous children, but no sound of men. Only the workshops across the plashy black

fields denied the thought that this was a derelict village, a City of Destruction, abandoned in panic.

Beyond Cradley lies a stretch of country proper, which men woo with plough and seedling. Black sheep stand about in dun meadows. The ploughs turn black soil. Here is country life, pastoral and agricultural. And what a country! Bald ugliness stares you in the face, for nothing is so completely ugly as ugly country. It is a double offence—in its own ugliness, and in its profanation of its true function. Natural ugliness one can suffer cheerfully, but the ugliness of that which should be beautiful—it is like a young girl with a snub nose and a hare-lip.

Amid these wastes I stayed until noon, and was there to witness a lugubrious procession. Dinner-time in most factory towns is a time of hilarity among the women and placid intercourse among the men. Here I saw only a grotesque assembly of discoloured men and women, stupid with toil. They aggravated the despondency of the landscape. Their cheeks were harsh and raddled and bespotted; their eyes dull. They walked, or rather lurched, towards their homes. They shambled their limbs, like wounded animals. Their preposterous clothes hung foolishly upon them. Here and there a meagre grin would break the blankness of the cloud of unformed faces; an odd rasped phrase would suddenly humanise the groups. But mostly they lurched, ludicrous and pathetic, sombre, without talk or desire for talk. One hearty laugh in that warped silence would have come as shockingly as an oath in church.

It was a march of marionettes, of jokes on the human figure; a march without music, other than the rattle of chains.

Cradley Heath is the centre of the chain, cable and anchor industry. Upon it depends our gallant Navy.

I hope that the master-ironist who delivered the lantern lecture on "The Hope of the World" will repeat his performance at an early date. And a serious discussion of Tolstoy is a joke that would be worth repeating.

## QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER ERA.

IN his *Queen Victoria* Lytton Strachey presents us with a fine achievement in literary art. Probably that was all he designed to do and he is not responsible for not having done more. Before saying anything of the British Matriarch and her contemporary statesmen and vassals one cannot help offering a word of sympathy to the thoughtful few who expected more. It has been borne in on them with astonishing force recently that every generation is simultaneously reaping what its predecessor sowed, and sowing what those who follow must harvest. A strange reflection this, to come to a world shivering with wonder and alarm! For example, the harvest to be reaped of what Mr. Strachey calls "the immense industrial development of the period" (1837 to 1897); what is it? To many a field, not of nourishing grain, but of poison berries. The wealth attained has been dissipated. Almost within sight of the Promised Land the nation has had to turn back and journey again in the wilderness. Causes for this retrogression there must be, especially as it is visible in every clime and country. It would be possible to set up a commission of deposed kings to make inquiry as to what ill doing of the nineteenth century the twentieth owes this chastisement. There is a fine choice of dead capitals for their sittings—Petrograd, Constantinople, Vienna, Buda-Pesth. So much for the continent of Europe—our own trials are only beginning.

Let us see what Great Britain was doing while nineteenth century Europe was preparing an evil heritage for the twentieth. It was ruled by a queen who is being criticised now with a freedom not exercised in her lifetime. Mr. Lytton Strachey does not join hands with these critics. Victoria appeals to him as a queen, with the bones, body and vitality of a healthy Englishwoman, not at all too good for human nature's daily food. Alike as child and woman she was truthful and sincere, full of a healthy egotism that would have either been checked or become unbearable if she had possessed intellect out of the common. But judged by any of the usual tests her mind was commonplace. Take her writing, it had not in it even the beginning of literary style. Of her reading, Mr. Strachey says, with the inimitable gravity with which his irony is veiled:

There is reason to believe, however, that the romances of another female writer, whose popularity among the humbler classes of Her Majesty's subjects was at one time enormous, secured, no less, the approval of Her Majesty. Otherwise she did not read very much.

The authority for this statement is divided between Sir Theodore Martin and Private Information, which, of course, may be only a new method of spelling the word Gossip. After

all, the Queen's nature was too royal to be ashamed of her preferences, which included those twin souls, Marie Corelli and Hall Caine. Her taste in art is neatly indicated in a phrase about raising the Gainsboroughs in Windsor Castle that the Winterhalters may be better seen.

Victoria's political sense cannot be dismissed so lightly. Mr. Lytton Strachey is not a sure guide in regard to it. He has chosen Prince Albert as the hero, and Prince Albert, with the backing and advice of Baron Stockmar, was largely engaged in entrenching his own position, which was not altogether an enviable one. He was an alien prince in a country notoriously jealous of foreigners and his political ideal was largely that of a Prussianised England. Queen Victoria did not estimate lightly the power of a constitutional sovereign. Her confidence in Melbourne, complete before her marriage, was diminished as she came under the influence of a husband on whom she doted. Mr. Strachey's pen portrait of Melbourne is the best political picture in the book.

The worst is that of Palmerston. For once, the author is at a loss to account for the greatness of a great man, and what is meant for a full size likeness turns out to be merely a political cartoon. Palmerston is described as being incomprehensible to Albert and he was the bugbear of Albert's countrymen, as witness the rhyme recalled by our author:

Hat der Teufel einen Sohn.  
So ist er sicher Palmerston.

But Palmerston recognised clearly, even then, the ambition of world-power at which Germany aimed, and for which the Great War was a determined bid. When in 1863 England refused to unsheath her sword on behalf of Denmark and thus allowed Germany to gain possession of Schleswig-Holstein, Palmerston most clearly pointed out the results to follow, *viz.*, the making of the Kiel Canal and the formation of a German fleet. To him "the country of damned professors" was already recognisable as likely to be the most ambitious and most dangerous Power of the future. A determined resistance then would have enabled Europe to escape the devastating smash of the twentieth century. Palmerston was growing very old and the Queen was insistent in the cause of Germany. Mr. Strachey attributes her zeal to a determination to follow in the footsteps of her husband, who had died two years before, and "Albert, she recollected, had always taken the side of Prussia," so "she poured out on her Ministers a flood of appeals, protests and expostulations."

The rest of the book—considered as a novel, as it ought to be—is far more interesting than the beginning, which, extending



to two-thirds of the whole, is devoted to the first forty years of Victoria's life and contains a mass of unimportant detail that without injury might be eliminated. When Disraeli comes on the scene the narrative is in the spirit, if not the form, of pure comedy. By then he had lost both Lady Beaconsfield and Lady Bradbury and was free to indulge in a romantic devotion to the Queen which the born man-of-the-world managed with a *finesse* not bettered in any of Molière's plays. His fine speeches and the heaps of primroses she gathered for him in springtime are stuff for the ironic Muse. Mr. Strachey suggests that the aged statesman was creating for himself an enchanted palace out of the "Arabian Nights," full of melancholy and spangles in which he fully believed, while

Victoria's state of mind was far more simple; untroubled by imaginative yearnings, she never lost herself in that nebulous region of the spirit where feeling and fancy grow confused. Her emotions, with all their intensity and all their exaggeration, retained the plain prosaic texture of everyday life. And it was fitting that her expression of them should be equally commonplace. She was, she told her Prime Minister at the end of an official letter "yours aff'ly V.R. and I." In such a phrase the deep reality of her feeling is instantly manifest. The Faery's feet were on the solid earth; it was the *rusé* cynic who was in the air.

Probably he died under the illusion. When her last letter, again signed "Ever yours very aff'ly, V.R.I.," was given to him on his death bed he whispered to those about him: "This ought to be read to me by a Privy Councillor."

Surely it is not by any means unreasonable to suggest that this is the material out of which imaginative literature is composed. One says so without the remotest desire to impugn the accuracy of the writer. It is only that he paints human character and human manners in the spirit of a Fielding or a Cervantes, and, after all, fiction is often truth and history fiction. The characters that appear in this volume are not absolutely those who trod the earth under the names given them, but their appearances as they impressed the mind of the writer, and, as it happens, the incidents dealt with are very often more appropriate than any that could be invented.

Of all the chapters in the book the most amusing is that devoted to the Albert Memorial. In it many of the best characters of the play appear—the Queen, Mr. Gilbert Scott, Palmerston and an abundant chorus. We would quote from it, except for the fact that justice would demand not a fragment but the transference of the whole to our pages. Mr. Strachey has, at any rate, achieved the writing of a book which is a delight to read.

\**Queen Victoria*, by Lytton Strachey. (Chatto and Windus.)

*The Life Correspondence and Collections of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel*, by Mary F. S. Hervey. (Cambridge University Press, 63s. net.)

MISS HERVEY never lived to see published the fruit of her nine years untiring research and study, her death—after a serious illness—occurring almost exactly a year ago. Dr. Williamson, however, at her executor's

request, prepared the book for the press, while the two final chapters have been finished, largely from her own verbal instructions, by her friend, Miss Phillimore. Miss Hervey, who, it will be remembered, was the talented only daughter of Lord Alfred Hervey, and who won fame, many years ago now, by her solution of the great "Holbein's Ambassadors" mystery, has indeed achieved a monumental task in this biography of the "Father of Vertu in England," that remarkable man, Thomas Howard, the "great Earl of Arundel," about whom, unfortunately, we hear far too little in the ordinary books of history. The book is largely divided up according to his travels, which embraced almost all Europe, especially Italy and the Levant (whence he brought back his famous marbles). There are, however, many very interesting pages touching on his personal relations with Sir Walter Raleigh, Rubens, Van Dyck, and other famous names; and Miss Hervey has wisely included *in toto* his "Remembrances" to John Evelyn, the diarist, of the things "worth seeing" in Italy. It is amusing, too, to find among his letters that he holds himself "curiously foolish in enquiring for the peeces of Holbien"—a foolish curiosity that most of us, no doubt, would willingly have had our own great ancestors indulge in also!

"Poems, 1914—1919," by Maurice Baring. (Martin Secker, 6s.)

THIS volume contains a sonnet on Russia that is interesting for the light it throws on its author's prose work. "What can the secret link between us be?" Mr. Baring asks and cannot answer; and the question awakes an echo in every heart that has felt the same mysterious urge towards some one country not its own. There is also a pleasing sonnet, full of happy images, upon the music of Mozart; it is marred only by one inversion and by one simile that owes its birth not to the subject but to the rhyme. For the rest (with a single delightful exception), the contents of the book are not striking. The verse is careful and cultivated, but there is nothing there that cannot be accounted for by a sound education, pronounced literary tastes and the tragic changes and chances of years in time of war. The one exception is the charming "Elegy On the Death of Juliet's Owl." This has just "the something more and how much it is"—and poets are entitled to be judged by the strongest link in their chain.

V. H. F.

## BOOKS WORTH READING

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

*The Peace Negotiations*, by Robert Lansing. (Constable, 16s.)

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## RECLAIMING THE LUGG

**A**MONG the hills of its native Radnorshire the Lugg needs but little attention to make it play its part as an arterial drainage channel. Like other mountain streams, it has floods and thunderstorms to help in its scavenging. It is in the broader valleys of Herefordshire that the need of keeping the river clear, not only to afford a free passage for flood water but also to give an outfall for tributary streams, ditches and land drains, becomes a matter of paramount importance. By cleaning and thus enlarging the capacity of the channel floods will be minimised and the value of grazing lands increased. Mr. Clayton in his standard book "Land Drainage" refers to cases in which riverside land has been let at eight and even ten pounds an acre. Grazing on the Lugg has been let at as much as fourteen pounds, and, although this is a very exceptional case, the average rent is about two pounds ten shillings. Obviously, the country cannot afford that land of so much food-producing value should be allowed to be periodically submerged for weeks and even months at a time. Yet it has been so up to the present. A fortnight ago the writer saw last year's hay rotting in swathes that had been untouched owing to a flood at midsummer followed by a wet season which made haymaking impossible on the saturated meadows. The River Lugg Drainage Board, of which Captain Hinckes of Mansel Court is the energetic chairman, has undoubtedly undertaken a work which should be of lasting benefit to the Valley lands.

The task is important and far-reaching, and it is understood that the Board has already secured the funds necessary for its first programme at a rate which may be considered reasonable. This loan it is proposed to repay in thirty years. What it means will probably be more effectually explained by a simple

narration of an exploration, made on March 31st, of the eight miles of river which extend from the aqueduct of the old canal to Mordiford, where the Lugg, after serpentine through the plain, falls into the Wye. It was one of the loveliest days of this lovely spring on which the March sun shone like May. On such an occasion the neglected river had a charm that made one almost resent interference with it. Willow branches like interlacing arms drooped over the rippling stream with leaf buds shyly breaking. Patches of mid-river streamers—those weed beds that compose fastnesses for the pike and other coarse fish—were showing the first signs of revival and giving no uncertain promise of the great beds that will be formed before summer comes nearer. Sedges and rushes, now only visible as to their roots, if untouched, will by then have grown into a whispering haunt of the coot, moorhen and water vole.

Mr. Bradley, the engineer, who accompanied me, did not regard them in that light. He had got the idea of a very different river in his mind's eye—one that delivered its load of flood-water promptly, and as quickly as possible returned to the normal. That he properly conceived to to be the object of his work. Strangely enough, it was cleaning up the river as it had once been cleaned up before. Once did I say?—many scores of times would have been nearer the mark. When England became settled after the Conquest maintaining the river channels and draining the marsh were duties demanded by the State. From early in the thirteenth century to the reign of Henry VIII "defences against inundation" were enjoined by enactments and Commissions appointed to enforce them with "a verie endlesse power such as hath neither length nor breadth against offenders." Only a hundred and thirty



TREES DANGEROUSLY NEAR THE BANK.



BRANCHES, LIKE INTERLACING ARMS, DROOPED OVER THE RIPPLING STREAM.



WILLOWS OVERHANGING THE WATERS.

years ago Lugg was dealt with in much the same way as is being done to-day, but with a different object. This was to restore and maintain it as a navigable river — presumably for barges — and navigation implies practically the same kind of attention as agriculture. The work was, therefore, practically identical, but the means were different. In the eighteenth century the use of steam still lay in the future and the tractor was, of course, a good century later. When they were clearing it for navigation the old workers must have been content to use spades, hatchets and other simple tools. Roads in country places were often impassable, and hence the eagerness to turn the carrying power of the little rivers to account. The golden age of machinery still lay in the future and the appliances now used were undreamt of. The main work is being done by steam haulage engines with winding drums such as are used in steam ploughing. Fowler of Leeds is the maker of one set. One contractor, at least, has an engine on both sides of the river. A "Clayton" caterpillar tractor has been used by a contractor for the lightest work and for hauling the destructors.

Yet the same obstructions had to be removed. The chief were then, as now, the willows that spread out over the channel and held out loose branches, like tentacles, to stop all that floated on the surface. The river is always carrying a burden of its own, but its activity in this respect is greatest when in flood. Its chief function is that of denudation. It wears away the hills and carries the soil seawards. If the soil reaches the sea, then it is lost and does not concern us any more, but the willow is one of many river growths that help to precipitate it upon the bed of the channel. In storm the willows do very much more harm. Only in one respect do they do less. Obviously, if the water is flowing very gently on a summer day the particles of soil or peat that the mountain stream carries are the more apt to stick to the willow twigs and eventually drop on the river's bed. In a flood the particles are hurried past the earliest obstacles though these always check more or less the flow of the water. They take off some of its force, and that in itself would be a good and sufficient reason for removing them. The more obstacles that there are in the stream the more slowly does a flood disperse and the more likely is the river to retain flood water until another deluge comes, which, acting in the same way, will, as it were, increase the water surplus, and a succession of proceedings like this continues to swell the volume of water till it spreads over the adjacent lowlands and the erstwhile quiet stream is lost in a wide lake. What the engineer aims at is to make a channel that will let the water run to the sea at once without opposition. In that case there would still, of course, be the same number of floods, but each flood would tend to be complete in itself. There would be no accumulation of water held over from one flood to another, and hence the agricultural value of the district would be vastly improved. But the submerged willow roots and willow branches, the submerged waterweed or streamers, even the rushes and sedges on the edge of the stream, all intercept the soil which is being carried seaward.



In this way silt is always being precipitated to make the muddy river muddier still.

A greater agency still is the huge log or even complete tree trunk that is borne away lightly by the flood. The process may be studied in every stage on the bank. Here stands a noble tree, from seventy to a hundred feet in height, with a corresponding breadth. It is perfectly healthy. On March 31st the green leaves were just coming out. But the water acts as though it of set purpose compassed the ruin of the tree. With the growth of willows on the other side the water is gradually induced to flow towards the opposite bank where we assume the large tree to be. Indeed, in the cases I examined that was precisely the relative situation. The water going against the willow barrier streamed into a little bay it had hollowed out and gradually approached the stems of several trees that were now growing close to the river, although at one time there must have been a considerable space between them and the water.

The stream, with mechanical industry, goes on wearing away the earth from the side. It does not get tired, should the process go on for a quarter of a century, and at length, after completely wearing away one side of the tree, it manages when in spate to make a circle round it. Speedily after that the earth is carried away from the root and the wind begins to help the water. It shakes the tall tree to and fro, making the earth crack and open with its endless swinging. Finally, one day when the waters are up and the wind blowing a gale, down comes the tree. Should it fall on the solid ground it will, no doubt, be taken away and used, if for nothing else, for fuel. If it falls in the river, it may lie there for many a year, its stump in the river, its roots on land, and the water keeps on cleaning the earth away from the roots, till one day, when an extra high flood comes, it lifts the tree bodily and carries it down-stream till it is stopped by another growth of willows or similar obstacle. What happens after that is that the trunk gets partly buried in the silt which gradually spreads all over it. So on the bed of the river lies this great bulk with the silt constantly accumulating till it makes a hump over which the water passes with a ripple. These huge trunks have had to be pulled out by steam engines, and a very difficult job it has been. The part permanently out of the water quickly rots and breaks away when force is applied. Generally, in the end, however, the engine proves the master, and at the time of my visit the bank was strewn with

great logs of wood and trunks of trees that had been dragged out from the bed of the river. Some are only gigantic masses of root, others the trunk up to seventy or eighty feet in length. They lay among the huge roots, weeds and other rubbish that combine to spoil the draining power of the river. Mr. Bradley, the engineer, has found a good way of dealing with the brushwood, chips and other refuse. With large sheets of iron the different contractors have made destructors, with proper ventilators and bars so that when a fire is once made a good draught can be kept up. With these machines such refuse as has no marketable value—brushwood, roots, chips and most of the jetsam and flotsam of the river—is easily burned after a good fire has been obtained. The ashes are caught in a receptacle, and, needless to say, they are highly prized at a time when it is difficult to procure potash for manure, the result being that the confusion is cleared completely away without leaving a speck behind to deface the greensward, whereas fires on the ground

would have destroyed the grass for a time and left a long record of their presence. In addition to the silt caught in willows and the streamers a great deal of silt is deposited by the sedges and rushes, so it has been necessary to remove them also. The next object to be aimed at is to have a clean, strong bank. The river is a very changeable entity. Probably at some time in the dim past the green meadows which have been described resembled the marshes of Norfolk. They would grow rushes and very coarse grass. They would be impassable at almost any season of the year, and certainly so in the autumn, winter and spring months. At first the water probably extended over the whole of the surface and ran in trickles to the Wye. But the floods coming down from the hills must have always had a tendency to tear up channels and deepen and widen them. The deepest one would always grow deeper until a regular passage for a river was worn out. Observation shows, however, that in all probability many



PULLING OUT A HEAVY OBSTACLE WITH THE TRACTOR

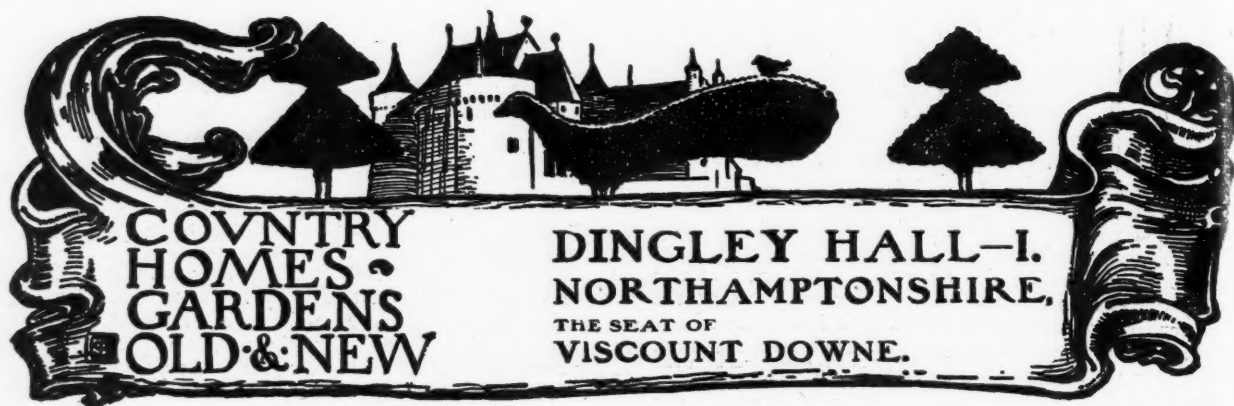


CLEAN AND IN ITS RIGHT MIND.

changes were made in the thousands of years that have elapsed since the time of which we are thinking. The object now is to fix the banks so that the waters will run steadily between them and clear away obstacles, so that a flood shall be emptied quickly. No doubt, all this would be facilitated if a little change were made at the mouth of the river. The Lugg enters the Wye practically at right angles and, unfortunately, at a convex curve of the Wye, which is running at a much faster rate than the Lugg, thus preventing the free flow of the Lugg water which, at the mouth, is a sluggish stream. Of course, when the Wye floods the difficulty is still further emphasised. At some future time it may be found necessary to improve the outfall by rounding off the lower side of the Lugg mouth or by cutting a new channel. What has been gained is the clearing of the Lugg will enable the Lugg water to get away quicker than heretofore, whenever the Wye water is low. Of the mills and artificial obstacles we hope to write in another article.

P. A. G.



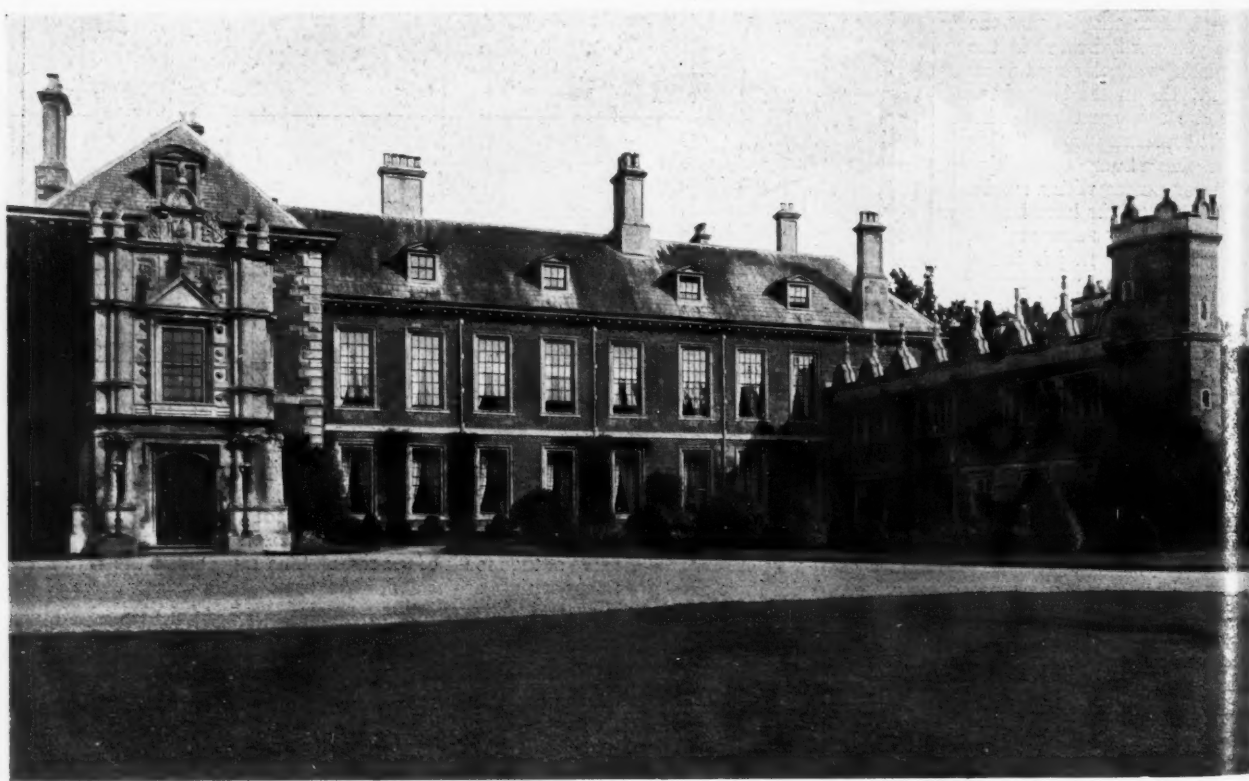


THE main road from Market Harborough to Stamford runs, roughly, parallel to the River Welland, but at such a distance as to traverse high ground well away from the stream. To this high ground it has to mount on leaving Harborough, which lies on the river itself, and it does so in rather rapid fashion after leaving the town a mile or two behind, rising some 200ft. or more in the length of a mile. When it attains the top of the hill it reaches Dingley. By this time it has entered Northamptonshire, which on the whole is a county of easy undulations; but just here the ground is broken, and most of the roads which lead to Dingley pass up and down steep hills. The views, therefore, are wider and more varied than in most parts of the county, and Dingley people have the benefit of the variety. The village itself has nothing much of ancient interest about it, nor has the church any outstanding claims to admiration in respect of its architecture; but the Hall, which stands at some distance from the high road and out of observation by the passer-by, is eminently worth a visit.

The ancient parts of Dingley Hall, now the country home of Viscount Downe, are chiefly of three periods, supplemented by servants' quarters some fifty years old. There is something of the late fifteenth century, more of the mid-sixteenth, and most of the late seventeenth. The work of the middle period is the most noteworthy. That of the other two is of ordinary character, such as can be seen in plenty up and down the country; but the remains of the sixteenth century building exhibit a mixture of the old Gothic and new Classic detail blended in a manner that is unique and handled with a *naïveté* that arouses feelings akin to contempt in the purist, but titillates the sense of humour and stirs the affection of people of wider sympathies.

However, before examining the building, it will be well to take into account the history of the site, merely premising that it is more closely identified with the family of Griffin than with any other of its owners. As far back as the reign of King Stephen some unknown benefactor granted land in Dingley to the Knight Hospitallers, who built here a preceptory or commandery, to which Queen Matilda gave the church of Stratton in Rutland, and other benefactors gave lands in different parts of Northamptonshire and a mill at Towcester in the same county. The subsequent history of the preceptory, even were it known, would probably be beside the mark, but after the Dissolution of the Monasteries the manor in possession of the Knights Hospitallers was demised to one Edward Hastings in the year 1540 for twenty-one years, and in 1543 the reversion was purchased by Edward Griffin for £309 8s. 2d., to be precise. There was another manor here, if not two others, for in 1549 Edward Watson of Rockingham Castle sold a manor formerly held by the prior of St. John of Jerusalem to Edward Griffin for £163 10s. There was also another manor, distinct from anything held by the Knights Hospitallers, which passed through various hands until it came into the possession of the Norwiches of Brampton, the next parish to Dingley, from whom it passed by way of gift in the year 1557 to their connection, Edward Griffin, who thus became possessed of practically the whole parish.

The Griffins came originally from Gumley in Leicestershire, but on the marriage of one of them to a daughter of John Favel in 1315, they settled at Weston Favel near Northampton, whence they migrated in consequence of another alliance, namely, with the family of Latimer of Braybrooke, to the latter parish, which became the seat most nearly identified with their family. The



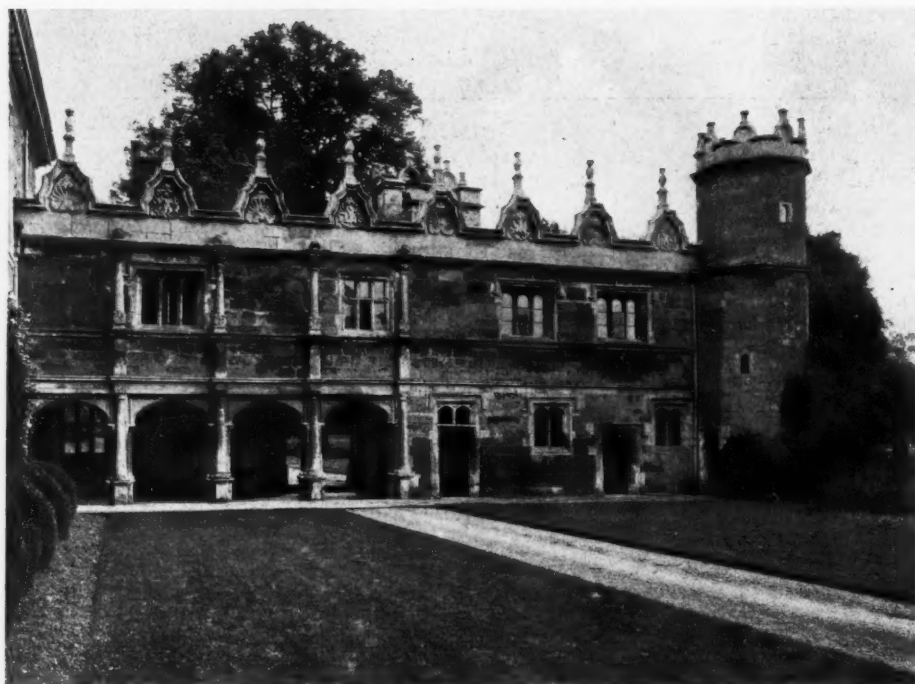


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2.—THE PORCH, DATED 1558.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





3 AND 4.—THE ARCADE (1560), INTO WHICH THE ORIGINAL ENTRANCE GATEWAY OPENS.

Edward Griffin who bought Dingley, which is but two or three miles from Braybrooke, was a younger son of Sir Nicholas of Braybrooke, who inherited through his great grandmother, Elizabeth Latimer. The brother of this Elizabeth was Sir Thomas Latimer, "recorded in history," says Bridges in his history of the county, "for his zeal and attachment to the sect of the Lollards." The preamble to his will, dated September 13th, 1401, is a curious testimony to his piety. A pious opening is common form in all wills of the period, but this case is out of the common. Put into modern spelling it runs thus :

In the name of God, etc. I Thomas Latimer of Braybrook a false Knight to God, thanking God for his mercy, having such mind as he vouchsafed ; desiring that God's will be fulfilled in me, and in all goods that he hath taken me to keep ; and to that make my testament in this manner. First, I acknowledge one unworthy to bequeath to Him anything of my power ; and therefore I pray to him meekly of his Grace, that he will take so poor a present as my wretched Soul is, into his mercy, through the beseeching of his blessed Mother and his holy Saints ; and my wretched body to be buried where that ever I die, in the next Church-yard God vouchsafe, and naught in the Church ; but in the outermost corner, as he that is unworthy to lie therein, save the mercy of God. And that there be no manner of cost done about my burying, neither in meat, neither in drink, nor in no other thing, but it be to any such one that needeth it after the law of God ; save two tapers of wax ; and anon, as I be dead, put me in the earth, etc.

The Latimers died out and the Griffins succeeded, residing at the castle, which itself has now disappeared, leaving its memory only in its site. They allied themselves with many notable families, local and otherwise, and towards the close of the seventeenth century one Sir Edward Griffin of Braybrooke and Dingley, created Baron Griffin of Braybrooke, married the heiress of the Earl of Suffolk and thereby became possessed of large estates in the Eastern Counties, among them being Audley End with its magnificent Jacobean mansion. The barony became extinct in the third generation, but a nephew of the third and last baron assumed the name of Griffin, and was created Lord Braybrooke of Braybrooke just a hundred years after the creation of the first Baron Griffin. On his death a third cousin, with no Griffin blood in him, succeeded to the title and estates and in his turn assumed the name of Griffin. His descendants, however, have dropped it, and their remote connection with Braybrooke is only indicated in their title and in their coat of arms, wherein the griffin figures prominently.

The consideration of the Griffins of Braybrooke and



their transmutation into the Lords Braybrooke of Audley End has rather taken us away from Dingley, so we will return to the Edward Griffin who, as already said, acquired the parish between the years 1543 and 1557. He must have speedily determined to build himself a house or, at any rate, to enlarge the house he found there, for his porch is dated 1558. Owing to the large additions made late in the seventeenth century, which entailed the clearing away of much old work, it is impossible to say just what kind of house Edward Griffin built, or how much of the older house he incorporated in his new one. Something of it still remains, but it sheds no light on the problem. But a little help can be obtained from another source. In the forties of last century there lived at Scaldwell in the middle of the county a schoolmaster named Clarke, who had a gift (slightly suffering from limitations) for sketching architecture. This gift he employed in drawing all the notable houses and some of little note, and all the churches that lay within his reach. In this manner he filled forty or more large sketch books with drawings of varying degrees of elegance and accuracy. On returning home from his expeditions—and it is surprising how much ground he covered—he made careful pictures in monochrome from his rough sketches, and sold them for a few shillings to the gentry, the parsons and others who might be interested in his work. His original sketch books have come into the possession of the present writer, and extremely interesting they are: not so much, on account of their artistic merit as because they are records made on the spot of the condition of the various buildings at the time of his visits between 1840 and 1850. He has several sketches of Dingley Hall, from which two or three interesting facts can be gathered.

In the first place, the general disposition of the house was, as might be expected, the same as it is now; but the porch (Figs. 1 and 2) has been taken down, removed and rebuilt in its original form. Instead of facing west, as at present, it faced south and stood just round the right-hand corner of the wing which it now terminates (Fig. 1). The knowledge of this change throws a flood of light on the problem, for in its former position it was directly opposite to the entrance gateway between the two flanking towers (Figs. 7 and 8). The deductions from this fact are easy, for houses of that period were built to type. There must have been an enclosed courtyard, entered



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5 AND 6.—THE ARCADE, FROM WITHIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—THE ORIGINAL GATE-HOUSE, DATED 1560.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

through the principal gateway, now a subsidiary feature. Across this courtyard, exactly opposite the entrance and approached along a paved pathway, stood the porch. On either hand was a range of buildings; that to the right was returned to meet the entrance wing, while that to the left was joined to the same wing by a wall, thus completing the courtyard. Of these enclosing buildings all that lay to the left of the porch, together with the coupling

wall, have been pulled down; all that lay to the right of the porch and all the right-hand wing were rebuilt in the seventeenth century, and form, in fact, the present house. After the removal of the western buildings and the change in position of the porch, the approach to the house was altered and made easier, but it relegated the old chief entrance to obscurity, and this now plays no part in the



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8.—THE WEST FRONT, DATING IN PART FROM 1560 AND IN PART FROM 1684.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



work of the house, but merely remains an interesting relic of bygone arrangements.

This original disposition of the house is the first fact to be gathered from Clarke's sketches. The second is this. One of his views of the porch shows to its left the range of buildings now removed, and the character of the windows and of such ornament as remained is Late Gothic, from which it may be concluded that here was a portion of the building which Edward Griffin found when he entered into possession and which he incorporated in his new house. A further portion also incorporated still remains, in the shape of a large but not lofty tower.

These speculations are interesting, but not perhaps quite so easy to follow from the illustrations as they would be on the

a portcullis to protect the entrance, as well as thick gates; here there is no portcullis, but only the doors. But the thick doors and the small windows were not meaningless survivals of ancient ways; for even in Edward Griffin's period country houses were jealously guarded, and the time had not yet come when people were ready to write over their doors, as Sir Edward Phelps did at Montacute some decades later,

Through this wide opening gate

None come too early, none depart too late.

Yet Edward Griffin did write sentences round this very doorway—pithy sentences quite in the fashion of his time. They are mostly in Latin, a language of which the mason was evidently ignorant, and, possibly in consequence of his employer sending



9.—HENRY PLEYDELL DAWNAY, 3RD VISCOUNT DOWNE. DIED 1760.

By Sir Joshua Reynolds.

spot. The illustrations, however, explain a number of interesting facts. Take the original entrance, for instance (Figs. 7 and 8). The gateway is flanked by two towers in the manner which, down to that time, had been traditional. The towers had their origin in those which almost invariably flanked the entrance to castles and fortified houses for the purpose of defence, and which were pierced with narrow slits placed in positions most advantageous for discharging arrows against an attacking force. But by the time of Edward Griffin such precautions were no longer needed, and the towers, which originally were things of use, had become merely means of architectural adornment. Instead of the arrow slits there are windows, small, it is true, but no longer defensive features. In the old days there was usually

what Tony Lumpkin calls "a damned cramped piece of penmanship," he made a number of troublesome blunders. Rescued from the obscurity in which he thus wrapped them, the sentences run thus:

What thing so fair but Time will pare. Anno 1560. Sorte tuâ contentus abi. Ne sutor ultra crepidam. Emori per virtutem præstam quam per dedecus vivere. That that thou doest do it wisely and mark the end and so forth."

Then comes a long sentence which, in fact, forms two hexameter lines:

Invigilate viri, tacito nam tempora gressu  
Diffugiunt, nulloque sono convertitur annus.  
Si Deus nobiscum quis contra nos. God save the King. 1560.

There is some confusion here, for in 1560 Elizabeth was on the throne, and there had been no king except Philip, in right of Mary his wife, since the death of Edward VI in 1553. But Philip was officially acknowledged as king and it was expressly stipulated in the treaty for the alliance between him and Mary and confirmed by Act of Parliament that Philip should, during their marriage, "have and enjoy jointly together with the queen his wife, the style, honour and kingly name." Deeds were dated with the years of their joint reign, and on the very building at Dingley, as we shall presently see, their joint occupancy of the throne is recorded. But with the death of Mary in 1558 Philip's title ceased, and there was no king in 1560. It is, perhaps, fortunate for Edward Griffin that the curious eye of Elizabeth never fell on the legends round his doorway.

The gateway leads into an open arcade, often and rather misleadingly called the "cloisters," although they had nothing whatever to do with the mediæval house. An arcade was a feature recently introduced into England from Italy, and the majority of large houses in Elizabeth's time were endowed with one. This at Dingley must have been among the earliest introduced into English houses, and just as its presence shows the Italian influence, so does the detail of its architecture.



10.—SIR JOHN DAWNAY, 4TH VISCOUNT DOWNE. DIED 1780.  
By Sir Joshua Reynolds.

For it is evident that the mason employed to build it had been trained in Gothic traditions and was now called upon to impart a Classic flavour to his work. This he did by as curious a mixture of Gothic and Classic profiles as is to be found in any work of the time, and even the plan of the arcade columns shows a mingling of old and new ideas (Figs. 3, 4, 5 and 6). The same inability to get free from the Gothic manner is displayed in the series of gablets rising from the parapet of the inner wall. This inner wall abuts against an octagonal turret (Fig. 3), the masonry of which is evidence that it was always disengaged from any building except the existing wing to the corner of which it is attached. But it may quite possibly have received the end of the wall which bounded the courtyard on the west.

The only other part of Edward Griffin's house which survives is the porch (Fig. 2), an elaborate and picturesque piece of work, which appears to have suffered little from its rebuilding, although the door and the window over it are not of the original design. On several of the horizontal bands are inscriptions setting forth its date, the initials of its builder and some of his sentiments. Not quite all of them are decipherable, but those that are run thus: "Anno 1558. In the rayne of Felep and Marey" "After darkness—Post te—E G—nebras—A G spero—1558—lucem—cumeth lyght" "E G, A G, 1558." The initials are those of Edward Griffin and his second wife, Ann Smith.



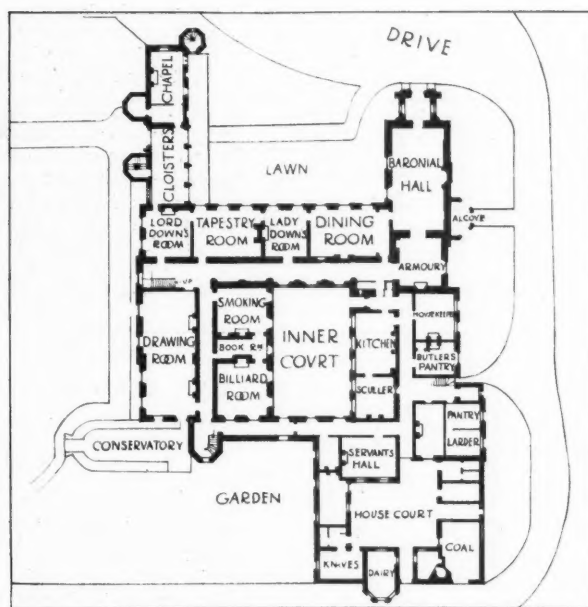
11.—LORA BURTON, WIFE OF 4TH VISCOUNT DOWNE.  
By Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The Rector of Dingley who lived in 1833, and who also bore the name Edward Griffin, made some interesting notes relative to the house in the parish register. In his time there was still a wing of the mediæval house remaining, and Clarke has a sketch of it made about 1840. But this was removed in later years to make room for the servants' quarters. With regard to the main part of the house, which is of late in the seventeenth century, the rector says that it had always been attributed to Sir Edward Griffin, fourth in descent from the former Edward, and that the attribution is corroborated by an entry in the parish register recording the death in 1684 or 1685 of a workman who fell from the scaffolding of the new building at the Hall. The whole character of the work confirms the surmise, as does the cipher "E G" over the door in the middle of the garden front (Fig. 8). It was this Sir Edward



12.—SIR JOHN DAWNAY, 1ST VISCOUNT DOWNE. DIED 1695.  
By Vandyke.



PLAN  
OFDINGLEY  
HALL.

who married Essex, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Suffolk, and was created Baron Griffin. He was succeeded by his son and grandson, on whose death the title became extinct; but although this last Baron Griffin had no legal heir, he left a son, Edward, to whom he bequeathed his property. Edward eventually sold Dingley to an attorney named Peach, who, dying in 1770, left the estate to his stepson, J. Hungerford. For the next hundred years the Hungerfords were in possession. They completed the work of the Griffins, and some fifty years

ago the last of them built the servants' wing. In the year 1883 the estate was put up for sale (the vendor, the last of the Hungerfords of Dingley, died a few weeks ago) and was bought by the present owner, Viscount Downe, who, while increasing the comfort of the house by minor alterations, has carefully preserved its ancient character. The portraits here illustrated are those of members of his family, and will be presently mentioned more at large, as also will a few particulars relating to the former owners of Dingley.

J. A. GOTCH.

## FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTE-BOOK

BY DR. FRANCIS WARD.

### THE SPRING TROUT.

**A**FTER the lack of food during the barren winter months the trout is lean, lanky and out of condition. By April the fly is again on the water, subaqueous life is again astir, spring floods, as they wash insects and larvæ from the river banks again enable the trout to get all the food he wants. So the lean, lanky fish is soon in beautiful condition, with brilliant spots on a body that glints gold.

During the coming season how are we as anglers going to kill this fish? Are we going to pit our skill against his intelligence and deceive him with the artificial fly, or are we going to poach him with worm and minnow? Last spring I fished on a Northern stream famous for its run of sea trout, but as these fish do not run until late July and August, the water at this time is often low and the sea trout have to be caught by night. Though essentially a sea trout river, yet the brown trout fishing might be very good if it were not for poachers. Not poachers in the ordinary sense, but poachers who are permitted to fish on the water. Three to four brown trout a day, with occasionally a fish that pulls the balance at 11b., taken out of one of the prettiest waters in the kingdom, is nothing to grumble at. But, like so many other streams, it suffers from unfair fishing.

An angler of local repute comes down each year and stays at a farm; he fishes the up-stream with worm and fills his basket with half a dozen heavy fish. Lower down a local "sportsman" using the minnow, does the same. Has not the time arrived when, with our waters so limited and our anglers so limitless, that all associations should forbid anything but the use of the fly? It certainly gives the trout and the sporting angler a better chance.

If you confine yourself to fishing with the fly it naturally opens up the question of wet or dry? I am not an expert dry fly fisherman; but I am inclined to think that dry fly fishing is fishing, while other methods of fishing are merely methods of catching fish. To spot your fish rising, to crawl up, watch him, to drop a floating fly just above his head, to be able to do this with half a dozen different patterns, until finally you please his fancy, is scientific fishing.

Fishing with the wet fly undoubtedly has its fascinations. It requires the knowledge of where your fish lies, the quick strike on the touch when the trout are coming short, and often the ability to cast three or four flies on a four yard cast in the teeth of the wind. And wet fly fishing certainly has an advantage in surroundings, for, taken all round, the scenery on a wet fly river has greater charms than the low-lying banks and sluggish waters of a chalk stream. To my mind, however, to fish with a single fly is ideal; imitating the floating fly on unbroken water and the

half-drowned fly in the stream—for the single fly permits you to put your personality into your lure.

### THE PEEWIT.

The peewit, lapwing or green plover, is not a migratory bird in the ordinary sense, for many of them remain with us throughout the year, but in February and March large numbers return to breed. By the middle of March the peewit has started to prospect for a suitable nesting site. About this time during the present year I was over the plough on a Hampshire farm, and, owing to the early season, these birds were already nesting. Here and there a plover ran along the furrow with her head well down; when she was some distance from the nest the bird rose above me and was joined by her mate. Together they whirled and whirled above my head, while all the time they filled the air with their plaintive alarm cry.

Last shooting season I stood behind a tall, straggling Hampshire hedge. Instead of partridges, over came a flock of plover. The gun on my right shot a bird that fell between us. Someone remarked: "Five pound fine for shooting a plover!" And then we discussed the new Bird Protection Act and its numerous absurdities. By all means protect this useful bird throughout the year, but why not protect its eggs?

Permission by law to offer plovers' eggs for sale at any time opens up an opportunity for one of the greatest frauds in the egg world.

If you are an epicure you order plovers' eggs. You may or may not get them, more than likely they are the eggs of the tern or the black-headed gull. Probably you say: "I know a plovers' egg, if there are others who are ignorant enough to pay the price of a plover's egg for the egg of a black-headed gull, let them do so."

Unfortunately this is encouraging the man who runs a black-headed gullery. This individual collects the first eggs and puts them on the market—but not as the eggs of the black-headed gull—he thus breeds vermin, as far as our fisheries and agriculture are concerned.

During the year 1913-14, among those of numerous other gulls, I examined the contents of over 200 black-headed gulls, and I am convinced that the damage done to our inshore and inland fisheries by the black-headed gull much outweighs the benefit it confers upon the agriculturist. There is, however, no gainsaying the fact that this gull steals the eggs of its relative, the plover—a bird that is the farmer's friend without the grain-eating propensities of the ever increasing black-headed gull.

[Dr. Ward is entitled to express his opinion about the food of the black-headed gull, but we do not agree with it.—ED.]

## THE NESTING OF THE KINGFISHER.

This beautiful bird lays its eggs without making a nest at the end of a 2ft. to 3ft. tunnel, dug out of a sandbank. One of the most interesting sights at this time of year is to watch the kingfisher make this tunnel. The bird starts from a root or bough some 5ft. or 6ft. away from the sandbank, and with an extraordinarily rapid flight dashes at the bank so that its bill is half buried in the sand. The kingfisher then drops and an appreciable amount of sand is levered out. Back again to the original starting point, the bird again flies at the bank, and with wonderful precision drives the beak right into the centre of the hole which has been started. As soon as sufficient sand has been dislodged in this manner to enable the nesting bird to get a foothold, she commences to dig with her long bill and the loose

sand is thrown back with her three-toed feet. The bill-marks can be seen on the roof and sides of the tunnel. The tunnel is about 2ins. in diameter, which does not permit of the two birds working side by side. The male, anxious to help, often follows his mate, only to have his eyes filled with sand, and so he retires to a bough, all the time uttering sounds that might very well be swearing. When the female comes out the male takes a turn.

At the end of three weeks, if the sand is soft, the tunnel has been completed and half a dozen white eggs laid at the end.

On a trout farm or on trout waters where there are no minnows the kingfisher is not to be encouraged, but where minnows, sticklebacks, gudgeon and other small fish are present, these birds do little harm to the trout. Furthermore, no one would grudge a few fry to so beautiful a bird.

## THE SECOND EARL OF WARRINGTON'S SILVER PLATE.—II

BY H. AVRAY TIPPING.

FRENCH taste was very prevalent in English decorative arts during the reigns of the first two Georges, and how largely French silversmiths led and controlled that craft appears clearly from the names of the makers who supplied Lord Warrington. Paul Lamerie stands out as the most distinguished and best remembered of them; but although we noted fine jugs by him last week, Lord Warrington preferred Liger, Metayer, Pantin, Feline and Archambo, whose names all denote a trans-channel origin. With the last named he first placed an order in 1728, and it was important in both quantity and quality. There were

fifteen dozen plates, weighing nearly 4,000 oz.; but there was also a great and superb tea urn (Fig. 2), 27ins. high and 575 oz. in weight. In the catalogue it is rightly described as "of unusual size," and possibly was not intended as an urn, but as a cold water cistern. Its use, however, is really forgotten in its sumptuousness. Its function was assuredly nobly to ornament the sideboard, rather than supply water at any temperature. For handles it has the same manner of scrolls, out of which emerge the Warrington boars, as Rolles' wine cistern illustrated last week. There are also other similarities of forms and *motifs*, but the urn has fuller and more varied enrichments. The plain surface of the concave upper part of the body forms the background for beautifully chased masks set in scrolled framing. Below is a band of running strapwork enclosing shells and roses. Below, again, the convex surface is set with narrow embossed ribs alternating with palm leaves. For the foot the same embossing, broken by acanthus leafage, is arranged in the manner of a large gadrooning. The cover repeats the lower section of the body, but is topped with an earl's coronet. This is the blot on an otherwise well designed piece. It is big, heavy, lumpy. Even had it been smaller it would not have given the right touch at this point which any of the favourite finials of the period would have afforded. Archambo generally shows a finer sense of form, and the coronet may have been imposed on him by his client. In the top he certainly combined grace with Booth heraldry, for the lion crest stands well and aptly as its apex.

The same wealth of ornamentation which Liger had shown in his 1728 toilet set, Archambo expended in 1730 on half a dozen large and massive sconces (Fig. 3). Here, too, embossed mythical subjects occupy the central panels of the shield-shaped backs, whereon also winged boys disport themselves amid festoons, while, above, a pair of them, more fully modelled, support the coronet, just as half a century earlier they did the royal crown on the cresting of Charles II walnut chairs. The single light branch starts from a well devised console springing above the shell-work



1.—TANKARD.

One of a pair. Eagles form the feet and thumb piece. These and the Van Vianen-like treatment of the handle are rare in English work. Height, 9½ins.; weight, 102 oz. By T. Issod, 1671.





2.—CISTERN OR LARGE TEA URN.

Richly chased with masks, palm leaves, strapwork and scroll and shell bands. Surmounted by an earl's coronet and with the boar supporters as handles. Height, 27ins.; weight, 575 oz. By Peter Archambo, 1728.

scrolls that form the base of the back. The double C scroll of the branch is right in line and in enrichment, while the vase-shaped nozzle and circular wax pan are chased with foliage and strapwork, and engraved with the interlaced monogram and coronet of the owner.

If Archambo succeeded well in the richest form of treatment, he could also excel where simplicity and reliance on form were the basis of design. He made the great 1,100 oz. wine cistern (Fig. 6) in the year between the dates of urn and sconces, and here there is no enrichment whatever beyond the mantled arms and supporters of the earl. But the form is good, the mouldings striking, and this great piece, 39ins. across, standing on its cabriole-legged mahogany stand, is



3.—SCONCE WITH SINGLE BRANCH.

One of six. The shell-shaped backs embossed with mythological subjects, enriched with cupids and festoons and surmounted with an earl's coronet. Height, 16ins.; weight (of the six), 634 oz. By Peter Archambo, 1730.

admirably designed to group with a great marble-topped side table under which it will have been placed. Reserve also is the keynote of a pair of salvers (Fig. 4) over 14ins. across, where again engraved arms and an outstanding moulding for the scalloped borders give distinction. The arms here show a number of the Booth quarterings impaling those of Oldbury, Lord Warrington having married John Oldbury's co-heiress in 1702. The earl was liberal in the way of salvers. Archambo, between 1730 and 1738, provided him with seven, and Willaume with half a dozen a few years later. From Willaume as well as Archambo came basins and ewers, which formed the meagre washing apparatus then considered adequate. Some half dozen of each will be offered on the 20th. The ewers (Fig. 8), which



4.—SALVER.

One of a pair. The edge scalloped and moulded. In the centre Lord Warrington's arms impaling those of his wife, Mary Oldbury. Diameter, 14½ins.; weight, 109 oz. the pair. By Peter Archambo, 1730.



5.—OVAL BREAD BASKET.

The trellis sides engraved with rosettes, the handle with foliage scrolls and the Booth arms. Weight, 62 oz. By Peter Archambo, 1730.



6.—OVAL WINE CISTERN ON A CABRIOLE-LEGGED MAHOGANY STAND. A plain piece, depending for effect on line mouldings and the elaborate arms of Lord Warrington. Height, 16½ ins.; length, 39 ins.; weight, 1,124 oz. By Peter Archambo, 1729.



7.—CUPS AND COVERS.

Decorated with ribs in relief, above which the arms and supporters of Lord Warrington are engraved. Height, 10 ins. Weight of the pair, 120 ozs. By Peter Archambo, 1731.



8.—EWER AND BASIN.

The ewer is helmet shaped with ribs in relief and scroll handle. Height, 13 ins.; weight, 63 oz. By David Willaume, 1742. The basin is plain; 10½ ins. across. By Peter Archambo, 1733.

range from 10½ ins. to 14½ ins. high, are finely formed and simply treated examples of the helmet shape which for dining-room purposes were heavily enriched and had female terms as handles. The basins are a foot or less across. Shaving dishes, soap boxes and all other adjuncts of the dressing-room, bearing the Booth arms, were acquired with a free hand and from other makers also, beginning with Liger and Metayer in 1716 and ending with Feline and Courtauld in 1747. Somewhat resembling, in their decoration of straps in relief, Liger's covered bowls, illustrated last week, are a pair of cups and covers (Fig. 7) made by Archambo in 1731—excellent examples of a type that had been in favour since the days of Queen Anne. To the same maker resort was had for a set of bread baskets much less typical of the age when Lamerie expended all his skill in producing elaborately shaped and sumptuously decorated specimens of this utensil. These by Archambo represent simple basket work, the trellis of flat strips plain except for engraved rosettes at every intersection. Three are oblong without handles, the fourth (Fig. 5) is oval and the handle is engraved with foliage scrolls, masks and the Booth arms. It was the first made, having the 1730 date, the others following in the next year.

Such are samples of Lord Warrington's plate; but a pair of tankards, in the same collection and now illustrated (Fig. 1), were made before he was born, and although they may have belonged to him, have not the Booth boars engraved on them. They are curiously un-English in style, and, but for the well preserved marks which prove that they were made in London by T. Issod in 1671, might well have been set down as Flemish or German. The feet take the form of eagles sitting on shells, and the same eagle forms the thumb piece which terminates a handle enriched with the strange "auricular" scrolls that Van Vianen of Utrecht had favoured half a century earlier.

Lord Warrington's daughter Mary carried Dunham Massey and her father's silver to the Stanfords, she having married the fourth earl in 1732. There had been an earlier connection. The Stamford earldom was granted to Lord Grey of Groby in 1628 by Charles I, whose enemy, however, he became when the Civil War broke out in 1641, while his son Thomas carried his antagonism to Charles so far as to sit at his trial and sign his name next to that of Bradshaw on the warrant of execution. He, however, died before the Restoration, and his father, having turned against the Commonwealth, did not suffer when the Stuarts returned. He was father-in-law to Sir George Booth, whom we have seen also on the Parliament side, but, like Stamford, taking part in the 1659 rising out of hostility to the Commonwealth. In the next generation Booth's son, created Earl of Warrington in 1690, and the second Earl of Stamford were Whigs equally implicated in the Rye House Plot and the Monmouth Rebellion, and equally favoured by William III, whom Stamford entertained at his seat of Bradgate in 1690. Stamford was succeeded by a cousin, owner of Enville Hall, and it was



his son who married Mary Booth and succeeded as fourth Earl of Stamford in 1739. It is their combined coats that are engraved on the 1754 toilet set illustrated last week. Their son, as inheritor of the Booth property, was given the Warrington earldom as an addition to that of Stamford, and the two earldoms and three properties—Bradgate, Enville and Dunham Massey—continued centred in the same person till the death without issue of the seventh Earl of Stamford in 1883. The vast amount of his possessions, especially of silver plate, is well remembered, and the tradition is that the family had been obliged by will to spend part of their revenues in further purchases till an Act of Parliament was obtained to free them. That there is some truth in this, although no will and no Act of Parliament can now be traced, would appear from a paragraph in a local newspaper of 1812, which states

that the practice had then ceased of spending £1,000 annually on silver plate "under the Will of an Ancestor of the Lord Stamford." The second Earl of Warrington was so large an acquirer, and therefore, probably, so greatly a valuer of silver plate, that he may have left such instructions to his daughter and her Stamford descendants. Anyhow, there were in the days of the seventh earl at Enville and Bradgate ponderous masses of nineteenth century silver, but none are included in the coming sale at Christie's, except some dishes made by Storr in 1814.

The seventh Earl left Bradgate and Enville away from the distant cousin who succeeded to the Stamford title. Enville went to a niece of his wife. She married Sir Henry Foley Lambert, and it is she and her son who have now decided to part with that portion of the Enville silver that had belonged to the second Earl of Warrington. H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## PLANTING A HOLLY HEDGE

**W**E have grown so accustomed to planting trees and shrubs in the autumn that it may come as a surprise to many to learn that late spring is the best time to transplant most evergreens. Of the whole year May is undoubtedly the best month for planting hollies, and with this thought in mind the following notes on the planting and upkeep of holly hedges may prove timely and helpful to garden owners: The holly will flourish in all parts of the British Isles, and holly hedges form an important feature of many gardens illustrated in this journal. Fortunately the holly is not fastidious as to soils, although it seems to flourish most successfully on rich sandy loam of a rather dry nature. Not that such a soil is essential, for excellent holly hedges are to be seen on the stiff London clay and on the light Bagshot sand, while the holly withstands exposure to the full sun as well as the somewhat dense shade of overhanging trees. No hedge is comparable to holly for usefulness, variety and beauty; even in the dull months the feeble winter light is reflected from the leaves and the holly stands forth an image of life in depth of winter.

### PREPARING THE SOIL FOR PLANTING.

It is a mistake to imagine that hollies, whose evergreen nature suggests special hardiness, will do well in any kind of soil irrespective of its preparation. A poor soil must be improved by digging in good rich soil, or by the addition of old well rotted manure. It should be remembered that a hedge

is intended to be of a permanent character. It is to stand for years, and with this thought in mind no stone should be left unturned to have the soil in good condition at the time of planting. The ground for the hedge should be trenched 2ft. deep and at least 3ft. wide.

### WHEN THE PLANTS ARRIVE.

The plants for hedge-making should be about 3ft. in height and trained in a columnar manner. In any well ordered nursery the hollies are specially trained for hedge-making, the bushes being well furnished at the base and tapering to the top. The holly is slow growing, but it is one of the most handsome and most enduring of all hedges. It is possible to have quite a good hedge in three or four years from the time of planting. The distance to plant will depend somewhat on the size of the bushes; generally speaking, they should be about 2ft. apart, but ample room should be allowed for development. Firm planting is very important, and it is advisable to tread well around the roots before filling in the soil. Well drained land is most essential for hollies. If there is any danger of stagnant water the hollies cannot be expected to thrive; it would be better to plant laurels in such a situation. A most important point to bear in mind in spring planting is that the roots must never be exposed to the air for a moment longer than is absolutely necessary. If for some reason or another planting cannot take place immediately, the balls of soil must be covered with sacking and kept damp, or the roots must be heeled in; that



A HEDGE IN A BELGIAN GARDEN ORIGINALLY PLANNED BY LE NÔTRE.

is to say, covered over with soil. This is of the utmost importance. To leave the balls of soil exposed to sun and drying winds is to court failure. Every plant should be well watered in, and if the soil is at all dry it should be thoroughly soaked at least twice a week after planting. For the first season the holly hedge will well repay all the care and attention that may be bestowed upon it. Even large hollies may be removed, provided that a good ball of soil is attached to the roots. Such trees may serve a very useful purpose, for they produce at once a general landscape effect in the garden, and they are excellent subjects for wind screens.

#### SHOWERY WEATHER IS IDEAL FOR PLANTING.

A long dry spell in May and June may prove disastrous after spring planting, and it helps towards recovery not only of hollies, but of all other evergreens, to remove a portion of the leaf growth from the branches. By reducing the leaf surface transpiration is likewise reduced, and this tends to establish a balance between the root and leaf systems. In North America, where the summers are more trying than in this country, it is a common practice almost to denude the holly of its leaves at the time of planting. One looks for complete success in holly planting if the weather is showery at the time or immediately after transplanting, but even in a dry season there is no reason why holly should fail so long as a good ball of soil adheres to the roots and is kept moist. After planting, it is a good plan to mulch the surface of the soil with decayed leaves or with any loose open material, and a mulch of this description is highly beneficial even to established hedges.

#### CLIPPING AND TRAINING.

For a garden hedge of ornamental character and one to give shelter the holly has no equal. It is dense, impassable and handsome. There are excellent examples in the Home Counties of holly hedges making a perfect wall at least 12ft. high. The hedges should be clipped annually in late summer,

and should be so clipped that they are narrower at the top than at the bottom. Well trained holly hedges form an important feature of landscape gardening, which has lately entered a new era. The English holly (*Ilex aquifolium*) attains a larger size and grows more vigorously and more beautiful in Great Britain than in any other country. The original form with rich green leaves is most handsome, although there are endless other varieties with green, gold and silver leaves.

#### RAISING SEEDLING HOLLIES.

The common holly is propagated from seeds usually collected about Christmas time and stored in heaps for sowing in the autumn following. Only the common holly comes true from seed; the varieties often revert to the type, and in order that they may be reproduced true to name it is necessary to increase them by cuttings, grafting or layers. As we have already seen, the holly is slow growing. Should we decide to raise our own seedlings it would take at least eight years from the time of sowing to make a fence 4ft. high. This time may be saved by purchasing plants direct from the nursery. Seedling hollies are perhaps best for hedge-making, provided that they have been frequently transplanted in the nursery. It is usual to transplant them every second year and to give them more space for development.

The common yew (*Taxus baccata*) as a hedge plant comes next in value to the holly. Like the holly, it is a native plant, and it is perfectly safe even in our hardest winters, but it is an even more voracious feeder than the holly. In order to keep a yew hedge in good condition on poor ground it should be mulched with rich soil every spring. Like the holly, it needs an annual clipping, and the yew may be transplanted either in late spring when the young growths start or in September. That the yew will stand cutting and clipping is evidenced by the fact that there are, not only in this country but also on the Continent, hedges upwards of 150 years of age that are still sombre, massive and grand.

HERBERT COWLEY.

## SOME AMUSING FOURSOMES

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

THE London Inter-Club foursomes at Addington for the prize given by the Bath Club proved a very great success. Last year two mistakes were made; the matches were played under handicap and the competition dragged on from week to week and even month to month, while the surviving couples tried with agonised telephonings to fix on a day convenient to all four players. This year play was on level terms and was continuous, and the whole thing went with a snap and was thoroughly amusing. Amusing, too, was some of the play. To this my partner Mr. Croome and I certainly contributed in the final when we played for the Garrick against the victorious pair from Arthur's, Captain Oliver Lyttelton and Mr. Spens. When our other mistakes are long forgotten it will be remembered against all four of us that between us we took fifteen strokes to the home hole in the first round, Arthur's winning it in a meritorious seven. Let me add, however, for the sake of all our characters, that we did play some holes rather better than that. Captain Lyttelton putted extremely well, though he kindly tried to let us off at the end by missing a short one, and Mr. Spens' long game was very long indeed. One does not often see a player get his right shoulder more purposefully down, nor his weight more wholeheartedly behind the ball. If we all added up all the chances thrown away we should have to do a terribly big sum, but at any rate the spectators had their money's worth of entertainment and the better side won.

#### TWO WONDERFUL RECOVERIES.

It was, I think, the final and the first round that provided the food for excitement and laughter; the intermediate rounds were comparatively tame. I certainly never saw so wonderful a finish as that between the Badminton and the Conservative. No odds would have tempted me to bet that the Conservative would not win on the seventeenth green, and yet they lost on the nineteenth! At that seventeenth they were on the edge of the green with their tee shot; only about two pimples of the Badminton ball were visible above ground, and these were in the middle of a thicket. The first shot just dislodged the ball, which was sufficiently miraculous because the player who figured as "A. N. Other" could hardly swing his club for branches; the second, a still more miraculous pitch by Colonel Hannay, laid the ball dead. The startled Conservatives did not quite get down in the orthodox two shots, and finally they lost. Another prodigious shot was played by Mr. Bond for the St. Stephens against Mr. Sidney-Fry and Mr. Victor Maude of the R.A.C. His ball lay far beyond the bridge in the deep ravine to the right of the sixth. It lay among dead leaves with a gorse bush behind him and a steep tall cliff in front (this was after several young trees had been removed). His partner had to spike himself severely in order to stand in the middle of more

gorse bushes to give him the line. And after all this he laid the ball within 5ft. of the hole and got a half.

#### PUTTING WITH HANDS "UPSIDE DOWN."

I was much interested in our match against the Bath Club to observe Mr. Denys Scott putting with his hands "upside down"; that is with the left below the right. It was the first time I had played with him since he took to this topsy-turvy method. What chiefly struck me was how very little striking and how normal it looked. One might have watched casually and lazily for several holes without seeing that he was doing anything unorthodox. Mr. Scott has on the whole played extremely well since he took to this plan. I never before heard of anyone who was converted to it. Several distinguished golfers have been converted from it to more ordinary ways. Old Tom Morris, for instance, and George Duncan; but that was in their extreme youth, and when any quite small boy picks up a club for the first time, it is a likely as not that he will put his left hand below the right. There are, of course, fine golfers who hold their hands this way for all shots—Mr. Irons, for instance, a very good Scottish player, and Mr. Gathral, I think, who once won the Indian Championship. I remember once to have tried it and broke a driver at the first attempt. To be sure, it was a very old driver, and the ball was a strong-hearted gutty, but still it discouraged me from further efforts.

#### LADIES' FOURSOMES.

The arrogant male golfer is rather apt to think of foursomes in connection with ladies' golf as mixed foursomes, but he has no business to do so. Ladies play foursomes by themselves with great enthusiasm. Few masculine foursome competitions, I imagine, receive an entry of 144 players, but this is the entry for the *Ladies' Field Foursomes* to be played at Birkdale on April 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th. The competition is played under handicap, and these handicaps range from the two strokes of Miss Cecil Leitch and her partner, Miss Mawdsley, to the sufficiently handsome allowance of thirty of a number of other couples. Mrs. Macbeth, still better remembered as Miss Muriel Dodd, and several other very good players are taking part, and no doubt that thirty will not be a bit too much for those who have to face them. *A propos* this ladies' tournament the golfing battle of the sexes will once again take place at Stoke Poges next Monday. The ladies have a most formidable team reinforced by Miss Alexa Stirling, the American champion, whom it will be very interesting to see. The men must surely be in for a beating this time. The only crumbs of comfort are that we have never been beaten yet, that Mr. de Montmorency trains his team very judiciously, and places the tees at Stoke Poges with, if possible, even greater judgment.



## CORRESPONDENCE

## CORN OR PIGS?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The present agricultural outlook is causing great anxiety among farmers, and with reason. The conditions for the next few years will be extremely difficult for the farmer who depends for his living on the growing of crops. Especially hard is the case of the man who has had to buy his farm at a price which means, as a rule, a cost to him of at least three times the rental he paid his late landlord. One of the biggest and most successful farmers in England, who visited me recently, told me that he had bought a cargo of the finest Plate oats at 20s. 3d. per quarter. It would not be possible, in view of the present day wages and costs, to produce at this price on English farms. Then I have been offered "hand-picked Rangoon beans" at £6 10s. a ton, and excellent feeding barley at 10s. per cwt. Hay to-day cannot be sold at anything like the cost of production when one takes into consideration the higher rent, rates, taxes and the high cost of labour and manures. We have been warned about the coming slump in pigs by members of the "old school." What about the slump in crops? If it were not for my pigs I fear the next year would go badly with me. Pork to-day is making 1s. 6d. per lb. (though, by the way, butchers are retailing it at 2s. 4d. to 2s. 6d. per lb. for the best joints), and this is much above the cost of production. I shall not cut any of my hay this year, but shall fold and graze it all with my pigs. In this way I shall save a big labour bill and the risk of a loss on my crops. I expect, as the result of allowing my Middle Whites to graze the fields, to save at least £1,000 on my labour bill during the next two years; and, what is more, I shall make money on my pigs instead of a loss on crops. To cope with the foreign import of pigs, the butcher now requires a pig of not more than 80lb. dead weight; and we must study the butcher, as he is the buyer of our produce. My pigs will reach the right weight at four months old, as the result of allowing the sows to graze on good clover and to live outdoors. We need pigs that grow quickly and are ready for the butcher at just about four months—certainly before five months. How pleased those farmers must be who increased their stock of pigs, and are breeding and rearing them on the only possible paying system, namely, the open air! I now look forward with confidence to what might have been, had it not been for my pigs, a bad two years. By selective breeding, the open-air pig will easily outdo the foreign competitor. It will graze as well as sheep, and pay better, and will do the manure-distributing without the aid of machines and horses, which costs money. I shall be pleased to send to any reader of COUNTRY LIFE a booklet on the open-air system of pig rearing, gratis, upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.—M. J. ROWLANDS, M.D.

## A MISAPPREHENSION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your reviewer's very appreciative notice of my book, "Streaks of Life," I find a misapprehension that distresses me a good deal. Speaking of the Empress Eugénie I remark, on page 31, "There had been one love episode," and then relate the story, well known in the inner circle, of her girlish passion for the man who, as she and all her relations believed, intended to ask her hand, whereas he was merely using her as a blind. But no one ever dreamed of a relation such as your reviewer seems to have understood, since he says that according to me "she had one lover, and one only." On the contrary I am convinced that in that sense she never had any lover at all; and indeed this impeccability of hers gained her not a few enemies in France! Begging you to be kind enough to insert this correction in COUNTRY LIFE.—ETHEL SMYTH.

## THE PINE MARTEN IN WALES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The following letter I have lately received from Mr. H. K. Beale will undoubtedly be read with much pleasure by naturalists and others interested and concerned in the preservation of our rarer native creatures. It is to be hoped that other landed proprietors will follow Mr. Beale's wise example in affording the pine marten the protection it deserves. The precise locality to which he refers is omitted for obvious reasons.—F. W. FROHAWK.

"DEAR SIR,—I have read with much interest your article on the pine marten in COUNTRY LIFE of the 12th inst. and particularly

admire the first illustration which is a life-like representation. It may interest you to know that since Mr. Forrest wrote his notes in 1907 I think that they have increased rather than diminished in numbers in the area. . . . We have continued to get one or more in most years, as recorded by my late father, Mr. C. G. Beale, and since Mr. Forrest wrote. If it was not that the farmers complain very bitterly of the depredations of the marten cats I should leave them entirely alone, and as it is I prevent the men killing more than an odd one or two. There must be, however, considerable numbers about, for during the snow of the spring of 1917 the men sent me five at once, four of them beauties, but unfortunately the fine orange colour on the chest invariably fades and turns white in the course of time. During the next three years I did not allow any to be killed, but I was told last autumn that there are numerous signs of them being about, and I myself came across a soft peat hag in August with the tracks of fox, otter and pine marten crossing it, and all apparently quite fresh. They are very seldom seen in the daylight and I only saw one once and that only for a second. I hear through our keepers that the farmers are complaining again of the number of martens about, but as there has been no snow this spring they have not discovered their hiding-places. The country is so rough there that

picture at all, many a good one passing unnoticed, while one, with vivid colour which immediately attracts attention, gains easy admission. Every Academician has the right of hanging six of his own paintings without comment. Many, however, do not always use their privilege to the full, hanging sometimes perhaps one, perhaps two, as the case may be. An amendment might therefore be made of the present system, namely, that each member, hanging, let us say, two of his own pictures, might be allowed to nominate four others without dispute, choosing them as he thinks fit from the studios of brother brushes, taking leisure over his choice and using his own judgment alone. On such pictures, when hung, there should be the inscription, "Hung by the advice and authority of So-and-so," etc.—R. L.

## THE MESOPOTAMIAN SKY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have seen the sun set in many lands, over the mountains and over the sea, but there is no place in all the world where that daily event is so full of grandeur and meaning or commands such respect as in Mesopotamia. It only lasts a few moments, but all the wonder and the glory of the changing pageantry that lasts a half hour



SUNSET IN MESOPOTAMIA.

I think the martens are pretty safe and one can safely kill odd specimens to keep the farmers quiet without much danger of exterminating the species. I am only personally familiar with the comparatively small area . . . and do not know whether they are still common in other parts of the county; but I am satisfied that they are still not uncommon, though rarely seen in the remote . . . in question. I thought this information might interest you.—H. K. BEALE."

## LADY DAY AND GOOD FRIDAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There has been a good deal of conversation in various grades of society about the coincidence by which in this year Lady Day and Good Friday occurred on the same day. How often does this occur, and what is the earliest date of the couplet:

"If Our Lord falls on Our Lady's lap  
England will have a great mishap."

I shall be very much obliged to any reader who could throw light on these two questions.—J. H. T. ST. G.

## AN ACADEMY SUGGESTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The following proposal may, I trust, be of some interest to your readers. The jury of the Royal Academy, for the acceptance of pictures, which has just finished sitting, is confronted by many very obvious difficulties. Some thousands of canvases pass before it every day, the light is not always propitious, and before evening it must have become well nigh impossible to judge accurately of any

in a more temperate zone is crowded into a minute or two as the great ball of fire drops below the horizon. So rapid is his descent that the movement can be watched.—R. GORBOLD.

## THE POULTRY KEEPING EXPERIMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Here is the weekly statement:  
Capital, £1,500. Land, 3 acres. Cocks, 49;  
hens, 944; total, 993.  
1,792lb. of food eaten (grain and  
meal) . . . . . £15 5 4  
Shell and grit . . . . . 0 8 0  
Time paid out for labour . . . . . 3 2 6

or 4.54d. per bird. £18 15 10

Carriage on eggs . . . . . 1 14 3  
Advertising, £2 8s.; rent, 10s.; depreciation, plant, £1; birds, £1. 4 18 0

£25 8 1

or 6.14d. per bird, or 1.59d. per egg laid.  
3,896 eggs were laid during the week:  
2,003 sold for sitting £36 18 6 (or 4.43d. ea.)  
1,930 sold for eating 16 1 10 (or 2.00d. ea.)

3,933 . . . . . £53 0 4  
or 12.80d. per bird.  
Balance, £27 12s. 3d.

Some interesting facts:  
Eggs produced cost for This week. Last week.  
food and labour . . . 1.16d. 1.03d. each  
Eating eggs sold for . . 2.00d. 1.96d. each  
Each bird ate . . . 28.87 28.31 oz.  
Grain and meal cost per lb. 2.04d. 1.95d.

F. G. PAYNTER.

## BIRD CRIMINALS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Being a lover of primroses, I have planted great numbers in my Devonshire garden. Owing to the mild and early spring, very many flowered in February; but every morning, to my disgust, I used to find dozens of flowers nipped off and strewn along the paths. At first I attributed the mischief to sparrows, but as there are very few about I soon came to the conclusion that some other kind of bird must be responsible. Eventually the crime was brought home to a pair of blackbirds, and after they had been disposed of by means of an air-rifle, the primroses were allowed to bloom in safety. It is difficult to understand why primroses should be picked off in this way: the stem is nipped close up to the flower, and as far as I can ascertain no part is ever eaten. Other smaller birds eat the petals of both primroses and polyanthus, without cutting through the stalks; but the blackbirds seem inspired by a spirit of wanton destruction. I have several times seen a cock bullfinch busily engaged in eating the buds off my gooseberry bushes, but could not think of shooting such a beautiful and comparatively rare creature, so contented myself with driving him away. As soon as the currants come on I am generally obliged to shoot two or three blackbirds, for my bushes are scattered ones, and even if netted the blackbirds walk under the bottom edges of the net and then hop up into the tree. If robins were not so pugnacious they would be of more use in the garden. As it is, each pair have their own beat which they jealously guard. I have a pair of robins at each end of my garden; usually each couple keep to their special domain, but a few days ago I saw the four meet, when the cocks had a fierce set-to, while the hens sat near by and cheered them on.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

## ST. JAMES'S PARK TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I sympathise with the plea of your correspondent, in your issue of March 26th, for the early removal of the "temporary" buildings on the site of the lake in St. James's Park. As regards the latter part of his letter and the illustrations, may I point out that the first view represents the reservoir constructed by the Chelsea Waterworks Company, soon after its incorporation in 1723, at the north-east corner of the Green Park; and the second apparently shows "The Canal," constructed in St. James's Park in the time of Charles II, and shown by that name on most of the maps of London of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. I have only come across the name "Long Water" in connection with the portion of the Serpentine within Kensington Gardens.—C. B.

## THE OLD CHERRY TREE AT GION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—At Gion of Kyoto there is a very old and big cherry tree, and when in full bloom

it attracts round it so many people, young and old, rich and poor, of all stations in life, that live in the city of Kyoto. Of all the cherry trees in the ancient capital this is the most famous one. You may like to see it now that the trees in your own country are in blossom, and I therefore send you its picture.—KIYOSHI SAKAMOTO.

## RARE PLANTS IN HAMPSHIRE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Hampshire and the Isle of Wight are noted for the abundance and variety of their wild flowers. The sea coast and marshland, the chalk downs and the New Forest of the mainland give perhaps the richest field for exploration. Several plants are found in Hampshire which are unknown across the Solent. On the other hand the Island can boast quite as many which do not grow in Hampshire, so that the balance in point of numbers of species is about equal. I have been fortunate in coming to the Hampshire coast three times within the year, so that I have had special opportunities of finding the flowers of spring, of summer and of early autumn. The sea plants bloom late as a rule, and August is considered the best month to visit the seashore and the salt marsh, but if you would find the rare lungwort (*Pulmonaria angustifolia*) you must come in April or in early May; for this reason I have returned once more to that stretch of coast immediately south of the New Forest, and I have had the interesting experience of seeing this plant for the first time in the only part of England where it is found wild. I cannot be said to have found it myself, for I was guided to the spot by an old resident in the neighbourhood. I might not have been so fortunate alone, for there are numerous woods to explore and many are closed to trespassers. For obvious reasons I cannot give the exact locality or name of this particular enclosure, but to us it is known as the Yaffle Wood, because it is the haunt of the green woodpecker. Though the day I went there was dull and showery, we could hear the vigorous tapping of the bird's strong beak against the stout bark of a tree preparatory to the extraction of insects with its long glutinous tongue. But I am straying away from my quest for the lungwort. We paused in our scramble through the brambles and hazel bushes to listen to the tapping, and then walked on beside a fast-rushing stream and across numerous little rivulets, and at last the bright blue and crimson petals of the lungwort appeared among the thick undergrowth. After so many years of flower-hunting to come upon a plant not seen before is an occasion to be remembered. At this part of the wood the lungwort was fairly abundant. The narrow and faintly spotted leaves showed it to be *Pulmonaria angustifolia*, the narrow-leaved variety, as distinguished from *P. officinalis*, which has strongly marked spots on its wide leaves and is more often an escape from cottage gardens. Lungwort is sufficiently well known as a cultivated plant to be easily recognised, though at first sight it might be mistaken for borage, but it is more slender, less hairy and

less branched, the calyx tube is longer, and the blue colour of the petals has a more purple tone. Like the borage, the petals of the flower vary; some are deep blue, some pink and others nearly crimson upon the same stalk, so that the effect when growing is beautiful and uncommon. The name applies to its supposed medicinal qualities in cases of disease of the lungs and other pulmonary complaints. This same wood was carpeted with fine specimens of the early purple and the spotted orchids



LUNGWORT

in a variety of shades of purple and pink. Bluebells abounded and spikes of flowering marsh sedge (*Carex paludosa*) cropped up beside the grassy path.—E. M. HARTING.

## SEAWEED GROWING ON A CRAB.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Herewith I am sending a photograph which will, I think, interest you. It shows



SEAWEED BOUND

quite a small crab with several streamers of seaweed growing on it. The crab was alive when found on the beach here (Isles of Scilly), and it measured 3ins. across the back. Five distinct branches of the seaweed were growing on it, the longest being no less than 6ft. 4ins. in length, another 2ft. 3ins., a third 1ft. 5½ins., a fourth 13ins. and the fifth 12ins., making in all 12ft. 14ins. How the creature lived with such a forest growing on its back one cannot understand. I have never seen a similar instance. In the photograph the longest branch has been looped up to make the picture more compact; that on the right is the branch which measured 2ft. 3ins.—C. J. KING.



CHERRY BLOSSOM IN JAPAN.



## THE ESTATE MARKET

## ABBEYS, PRIORIES AND PARSONAGES

**A**LTHOUGH the distinction between an abbey and a priory had almost disappeared at the time of the dissolution of the religious houses, the two classes retained their names, and these still distinguish properties which, in many instances, have not much more than the associations of the site to connect them with the once vigorous and wealthy establishments of the Church. Possingworth, mentioned to-day, belonged to an Abbey, and Mottisfont, near Romsey, retains a considerable amount of the original architectural work of the mediæval ecclesiastics. The old Benedictine Abbey of Burnham is also referred to to-day, and one of the most notable of South Devon parsonages. The coincidence, for it is a pure coincidence, that so many houses of a common origin should come within the scope of a single article, is worthy of note.

## POSSINGWORTH, SUSSEX.

"T.O.—1657" chiselled in the stone arch over the doorway of the Old Manor House at Possingworth, stands for Thomas Offley, who, if he was baptised in infancy at the Waldron Church, must have been then in his twenty-first year. That he built the house seems to point to precocity on his part, or possibly the building had been begun in his minority. At all events, there is the date, and the antiquity of the house is indisputable. But it is hardly correct to call it "Jacobean," for the Cromwellians were in power at the time. Judith, widow of Sir J. Pelham, purchased Possingworth from Sir Henry Sydney in the reign of Queen Elizabeth for a mere £600. The Offleys came into it afterwards, and they held it until the middle of the eighteenth century, when it passed by marriage to Captain Fuller of Waldron, whose heiress became the wife of John Apsley of Lewes. James Dalrymple married their daughter Cordelia, whose grand-daughter, Mrs. Morgan Treherne, sold the estate to Sir Francis Sykes. He sold it in 1864 to the late Mr. Louis Huth. The present vendor is the Right Hon. Frederick Huth Jackson.

The stone mullioned windows and red tiles of the old manor house, its wealth of old oak—the panelled hall, dining-room (rich in oak beams), the oak staircase and oak doors—give the house great distinction, and, outwardly, another point is the charm of the chimneys, which are perfect in height and mass, and reveal some of the best work of the old bricklayers. From the standpoint of modern comfort it should be noted that the house has electric light, central heating and two bathrooms. The total area to be sold—only the outlying portions of Possingworth are in the market—by Messrs. Trollope on May 10th at Lewes, is over 600 acres, and the eighteen lots include the Manor House and 193 acres, and many delightful cottages and sites, all within an easy walk of Heathfield.

## MOTTISFONT TO LET.

**MOTTISFONT ABBEY**, four miles from Romsey and ten from Winchester, is to be let, furnished, from July 1st, with shooting over 1,500 acres, and nearly two miles of fishing in the Test. There was formerly at Mottisfont a priory of canons regular of the order of St. Augustine, founded in the beginning of the reign of King John by William Briwere, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity. In 1494, the establishment having been reduced from eleven, its original number, to three, Henry VII procured a papal bull for the suppression of the priory, which, however, continued until the Dissolution. The house is mainly constructed out of the old priory chapel to which the "Annals of Oseney" assigned the date 1201. The crypt, in what is now the semi-basement, is practically perfect, and there are beautiful vaulting shafts of Purbeck marble and ribbed vaults. Remains of the old oak roof are visible, and there is a magnificent four-centred arch with a panelled soffit, upon which eight shields are carved, bearing the arms of Briwere, the Dukes of Lancaster, Patrick de Cadurcis, Hulftoft and the Cross of St. George. The construction of the arch is attributed to Hulftoft, who officiated as Sheriff of Southampton in 1521. Mottisfont Abbey house has been greatly improved residentially in recent years, and it is very comfortable, with a dozen principal bedrooms, plenty of room for servants, and stabling for twenty-five

horses. Messrs. Rawlence and Squarey are the agents.

In the heart of the New Forest is a Georgian house known as Whitley Ridge, Brockenhurst, with park and grounds of about 50 acres, the lease of which has just been privately sold by Messrs. Waller and King. Next Tuesday week (April 26th) they will sell The Wilderness, a residential property of 25 acres at Westend, four miles from Southampton, and they have various South Hants houses for sale, including the late Mr. H. H. Culme Seymour's Bitterne house, Glenville, and 54 acres, for £9,000; and others in the New Forest, on the Hamble river and Southampton Water at an average of £5,000 apiece.

## BURNHAM PRIORY, BUCKS.

**THE** main portion of the Priory, Burnham, Bucks, was built about seventy-five years ago on the site of the old priory. In Willis' "History of United Parliamentary Abbeys" (1719) there is a note on Burnham: "The Mansion House of the Convent seems to be entirely standing; 'tis built in the shape of an L, and made use of to hold husbandry implements, viz. corn, hay, etc., the tenant dwelling in a little house near it, where probably the chief hind did antiently live." The Benedictine Abbey founded at Burnham in 1265 was richly endowed with manors by Richard, second son of King John. It shared the common fate in 1539. The house and 84 acres, less than a mile from Burnham Beeches station, freehold, will be submitted as a whole or in four lots at Hanover Square on May 5th by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

## PURLEY GOLF COURSE.

**PURLEY GOLF COURSE** is included in the 2,000 acres in Surrey, which, with Sanderstead Court, will be offered shortly by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. They are also to sell Penstock Hall, Brabourne, 250 acres, at one time belonging to Lord Brabourne, and not far from that nobleman's seat, Mersham Hatch, which was recently described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (March 26th, page 368). An Essex estate, Warish Hall, near Bishops Stortford, to be sold, by them and Messrs. Sworder and Son, extends to nearly 2,000 acres of corn-growing land (1,300 acres with possession). The property includes the site of the twelfth century St. Valery's Priory, and of the old Waltham Hall.

The Rocks Estate, Mearfield, Chippenham, belonging to Mr. Darcy Taylor, 1,260 acres, is to be sold in June. The property includes The Rocks, beautifully situated in a park with a series of lakes, and eight farms. The shooting is good. Mrs. J. J. Barrow has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer Northfield, Dornoch, close to the golf links. At the firm's auction at Rhyl sixty-two lots of the Bodelwyddan estate were sold, the farm land realising £70 an acre. The total realisation was £40,341 for 480 acres.

Mrs. Murray Dunlop has decided to dispose of Corscock, on the borders of Dumfries and Kirkcudbright, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The estate of 13,000 acres has a considerable proportion of moorland, and, in addition to a large mixed bag, 1,000 brace of grouse should be got in a season. In addition to Corscock House there is a secondary residence at Holmhead. Fishing in lochs and in the River Urr, which flows through the estate, adds to the attraction of the property.

## DARTINGTON HALL, TOTNES.

**THE HOLLANDS**, Dukes of Exeter, preceded the Champenownes as owners of the manorial house of Dartington, near Totnes. It possesses ruins of the splendid hall, of the date of Richard II, whose sign, a white hart chained, appears often in the decorations of the structure. The Champenowne family's record contains that singular page of the doings of Gawaine Champenowne, who, after his wife had been divorced from him by a special Act of Parliament in 1582, became reconciled to her and had a large family. Dartington Rectory was a favourite haunt of John Keble, who probably found the neighbouring fourteenth century parsonage of Little Hempston—a priest's house exactly as Chaucer knew such houses—still more to his taste for ruminating

over mediæval days and ways. Dartington, including the historic house and 884 acres, with a couple of miles of fishing in the River Dart, will be submitted to auction in June by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons and Messrs. Richard Ellis and Son. Part of the village of Week is on the estate. Mr. A. M. Champenowne is the vendor, and it is of interest to remark that the solicitors are Messrs. Wigan, Champenowne and Prescott.

## PITT HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

**PROBABLY** the fact that Pitt House, Hampstead Heath, has again, as announced in COUNTRY LIFE last week, come into the market, will revive speculations as to the cause of the strange retirement to that house and, more than that, to one or two small rooms in the upper part of it, of William Pitt, first Lord Chatham. The temporary eclipse of his mighty intellectual powers is not, even at this interval of time, a congenial theme, and it may be left to others to pursue it if they care. The great statesman's associations with Pitt House will always be remembered, and they invest it with peculiar interest. Some ten or fifteen years ago the property seemed to be almost a hardy annual in the market, but at last it passed to Mrs. Valentine Fleming, who, since buying it, has laid out a large sum in all sorts of improvements. Central heating, a hot water service and electric lighting have been installed, and a reception hall over 50ft. in length has been constructed.

The four acres of grounds have received attention, and there are beautiful terraced walks, rose gardens and other features. It is for sale, freehold, by Messrs. Robinson, Williams and Burnands. The property has a history extending back to the Domesday Book in which it appears as part of "Wildwoods," and it was afterwards called North End Place and North End House, in allusion to its situation at the north end of the famous Heath. While Pitt House is likely to remain for a long while as a suburban mansion, combining residential charm with historical interest, its new owner, whoever he may be, will doubtless watch with some keenness the plans of the Charing Cross and Hampstead tube railway, which has all but the ground level works—the booking office—completed for a station at a point near Pitt House; and if at any time the station is used it will at once bring Pitt House grounds into prominence as an eligible building site, especially if the junction of the extended tube to Edgware is made at that spot.

## THREE SUSSEX SALES.

**MAJOR NOEL SAMPSON'S** house, Buxshalls, Lindfield, is to be submitted by Messrs. Hampton and Sons at their Estate Room, St. James's Square, on May 10th. Buxshalls is a medium-sized place possessing all the attractions of a country seat, and its area of about 330 acres provides not only good shooting, but nearly three-quarters of a mile of trout fishing, as well as coarse fishing in the lakes in the park. The firm has fixed May 24th for the sale of Ferring Grange, between Worthing and Bognor, the seat of Mrs. Edwin Henty, with 260 acres extending to the coast, to which it has long frontage. Messrs. Hampton and Sons will on May 26th sell the Franchise estate, Burwash, in lots at Tunbridge Wells. This extends to 800 acres, and includes a residence in old pleasure grounds, with lakes, and six farms in the parish of Burwash.

## NEWBY WISKE, YORKSHIRE.

**THE** sporting estate of Newby Wiske, near Northallerton, has been purchased from the executors of the late Mr. Henry Rutson for a client by Messrs. Parsons, Clark and Bodin. The property extends to 2,500 acres, including the old mansion, Newby Wiske Hall and park. The price was about £80,000.

No. 8, Melbury Road, Kensington, the house of the late Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., for sale, was erected in the early 'seventies from the designs of Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., for Mr. Stone. The studio is one of the finest in London, and the garden is a real artist's production. Messrs. Chesterton and Sons are the agents.

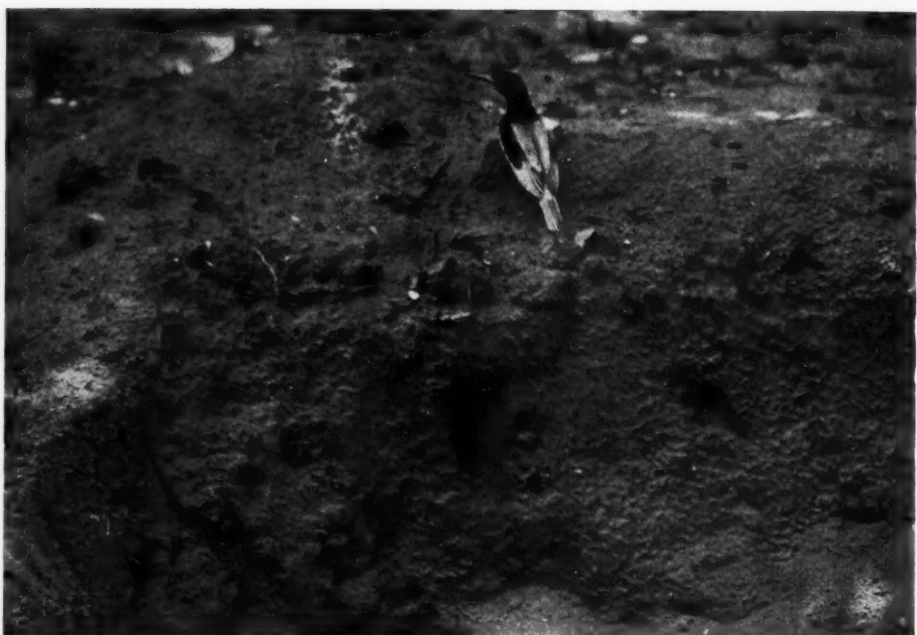
The new auction rooms in Queen Victoria Street, which have been acquired and are now being fitted up by the Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute, will be formally opened by the Lord Mayor on April 27th. **ARBITER.**

## THE WHITE-BREASTED KINGFISHER

THE following article with the accompanying illustrations on the nesting of the white-breasted kingfisher may interest those who are fond of birds and their habits: In my garden at Kadambady, South India, I was having pits dug last May, 4ft. square, to be filled with manure preparatory to planting young trees of various kinds. I noticed a pair of white-breasted kingfishers a day or two after it had been dug vanishing into one of these pits, and on going to look found that they had begun to scratch a hole in the side of it about a foot down from the top; one (I think the male) always kept guard, sitting on the top of the mounds of earth that had been dug out of the pit and placed on the sides. After a few days he got tired of this place of guard and took to sitting on a small bough of a tree about 40ft. away, where he had full view of his mate coming and going into the hole she was excavating. While she was busy in the hole he would twitter faintly, and she often would scream (as they do to call each other) from the interior in answer. It was interesting to note how determined these two were to nest in this pit; going into the garden one morning, I found that my *mahli* (gardener) had filled in the pit to the top with manure—of course, their nest was lost to view. I immediately called my *mahli*, butler, waterman, etc., and we all worked as quickly as we could to empty the pit. I feared very much that the kingfishers would forsake it, but they came back as if nothing had happened. Our cat was frequently seen in the pit, but still they were faithful, and now we have put our camera about 5ft. away, covered with its black cloth, which flutters in the breeze, and they pay no attention to it.

Their eggs (five in number) are beautiful, very round and glossy and of a most delicate shell pink, but when blown turn a dead white, but still remain glossy. This is most disappointing, as anything prettier before blowing it would be hard to find. This bird's plumage is glorious, but its general appearance is spoiled by its huge red beak, which looks out of proportion to the rest of its body. The head is of a lovely shade of chestnut, breast white, abdomen chestnut, tail, wings and back turquoise blue, and a black streak slashes down and tips each wing. They nest in April and May.

HILDA TWEEDIE.



THE KINGFISHER'S HOME.

The pile of earth scratched out is shown in the first illustration.



## TRAVELLING IN ITALY

**R**UMOURS of the impossibility of getting rooms at Rome and of the fighting between Socialists and "fascisti" (ex-service men who hold d'Annunzio to be a prophet) have scared some people from Italian travel, so it may be useful to set down a few notes of how things are. As to the "fascisti," there has been grave trouble in Florence, but it is over and no one need be afraid of getting mixed up in serious revolutions. Rome hotels and apartments are overcrowded beyond all previous experience; so much so that when the new Session of the Chamber was opened lately, some of the Deputies, arriving incautiously in Rome without booking rooms, had to be satisfied with sleeping in cellars and bathrooms. They threaten seriously to introduce a Bill giving Deputies a first call on hotel accommodation. This is due not only to a big influx of tourists of all nations, and especially Americans, but to Romans finding the cost of coal and domestic service so high that they tend more and more to live in hotels. The cost of hotel life is prodigious if reckoned in lire, but with the lira, nominally 10s., costing the Englishman only 2½d. and the American about 1½d., owing to the vagaries of the exchange, one lives far more cheaply at a first-class hotel in Rome than in similar quarters in England.

In most towns, but not yet in Rome, tipping has been abolished and an extra of ten, twelve or fifteen per cent. is added to the bill for the staff. Since March 1st the luxury tax of 10 per cent. has been introduced, and that is added also to the hotel bill, though in some of the smaller cities it is not yet enforced. Italy, indeed, is in a state of mental confusion as to what is a taxable luxury. At Rome on March 2nd I was taxed 10 per cent. at the station restaurant on a cup of coffee and two sandwiches, but that I believe was due to the excessive zeal of the waiter. The strenuous Englishman who complains of hordes of officials will have something to say about Italian bureaucracy. Taxing by means of stamps, which caused so much emotion in England when it was introduced for health insurance, has reached a glorious apotheosis in Italy. I have a hotel bill before me gorgeously decorated with six stamps, making up 198 lire luxury tax, four of another pattern making 4 lire for the tourist tax, and eleven of still another sort (and a rather jolly colour) representing some other tax unspecified. Then the hotel-keeper has to put counterparts of the luxury stamps (of another design, of course) into a book for the inspector to gloat over. The ritual of paying the bill is impressive, but a little irritating to mine host and to guest alike. "Luxury" is a blessed word for a vague idea. Being a little lame one day I bought me a walking-stick and paid

3 lire 65 centesimi for the luxury of aiding my faltering steps. But the glory of the tax stamp reaches its *apogée* if the unwitting traveller desires to buy an *objet d'art*. If it costs less than 1,000 lire it is, if old, subject to an export tax of 13 per cent., 12 per cent. payable (in my case, as I was at Florence) at the Uffizzi Gallery, and 1 per cent. at the frontier at departure. Being of a disposition both bold and enquiring, I did not leave this matter to the dealer from whom I bought some aged trifles, as I might have done, but determined to see it through. So off I went to the Uffizzi—as luck had it I was leaving on a Thursday, and the Uffizzi potentates only look at ancient objects between 10 and 12 of a Thursday—and the comedy began. Two judges of the fine arts came after a while and conned my little terracottas and departed as solemnly as they came. I filled up three forms and one official sent another (with five of my good lire) to buy some special stamps in another department. On the advent of the stamps a third official licked and applied them, a fourth said a good deal by way of advice, and a fifth operated the requisite rubber stamps. I then paid 24 lire export tax and 6 lire to gratify one of the five officials, and received three several documents each with a stamp. Then my case containing the terracottas was corded and sealed with the lead seal of the Uffizzi and I departed. The last act of the comedy was at the frontier, when the Customs officials showed no interest whatever, did not enquire as to my store of antiquities and did not claim the remaining 2 lire. But there is always the risk that they may seize on some flagrantly modern copy of a Florentine frame at the frontier, assert that it is at least a Rossellino or a Donatello, demand the Uffizzi certificate (given on Saturday mornings only between 10 and 12) to show that it is, in fact, modern, and, in its absence, confiscate the frame to show that the law must be obeyed. I incline to recommend travellers to have their purchases sent home direct and to leave it to the dealers and the forwarding agents to perform the mysteries rather than risk incidents with the Douane at the frontier. Whether the export tax is payable or not, the luxury tax is added to all works of art, ancient or modern, and this applies even to photographs of buildings, though not to books. I can well believe that the next traveller to record his impressions of these trivialities will have a different tale to tell, because it is commonly held in Italy that no one yet knows how the taxes should be applied, and every official is his own interpreter of a law of peculiar obscurity. The main thing to do is to keep one's temper intact and to be generous with 10 lire notes. But these are only the little annoyances. Italy is still and always the beloved land. L. W.

## SHOOTING NOTES

## THE OAKLEIGH SHOOTING CODE.

**T**HIS book, and its later editions differently named, was referred to in a previous issue. Its pages repay careful reading, if only to gain an idea of the intimate knowledge of wild life which the sportsman of eighty years ago had need to acquire. The illustrations on this page are a sample of the beautiful studies in copperplate engraving with which this book is adorned, while the following extracted passages provide a key to the wide range of subjects it discusses:

Nine-tenths of the game brought to bag is killed within thirty yards. Birds killed at fifteen paces are thought to be twenty-five, and those at twenty-five are estimated at thirty-five or forty, and so on to the end of the story.

The habit of missing arises not from inability to throw the end of the gun upon the bird, but from the eye not being directly behind the breech, which is necessary for good shooting.

To ensure good sport the shooter must be provided with good dogs.

All our pointers are, in some degree of Spanish extraction; and such of them as have most Spanish blood in their veins are unquestionably the best.

It is almost as necessary to the shooter as the mariner to study the wind.

Bustards and quails are so rare in this country as scarcely to require notice here.

A perfect pheasant has a white annular space on the neck, but this mark is mostly wanting.

To find hares, the hedges should be beaten in September, covers in October, stubbles in November, parks, pastures and unenclosed grounds in which there is plenty of fern, gorse, rushes or brambles, in December, and fallows and marshy fields in January.

Rabbits are sometimes shot for sport, sometimes for profit, and sometimes on account of the mischief they do to trees and other vegetation.

The shooter will bring down a snipe with much less difficulty at fifteen or twenty paces than at any other distance.

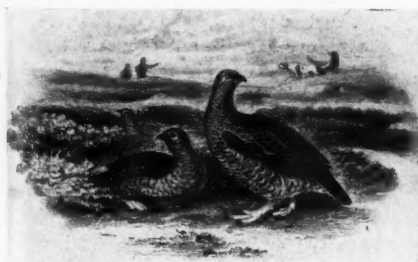
There is a proverb current amongst sportsmen that to kill a woodcock is to perform a day's work.

Grouse shooting is the sport of all others exclusively British.

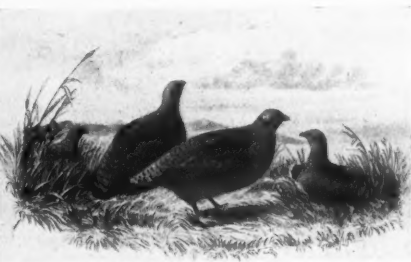
Shooters who boast of their acquaintance with London gunmakers, and who talk of their feats in the shooting galleries, and of having slain pigeons at Battersea, and pheasants in my Lord Battue's preserves, are often disappointed on their arrival in the North.

Blackcocks, during winter, associate together aloof from grey hens and red-grouse. The grey-hens also pack distinct from the cocks.

Few are the sportsmen that climb the granite cliffs amongst which ptarmigan are found, or wade the winter snows in which those birds delight to bury themselves.



GROUSE.



PARTRIDGES.



PHEASANTS.

## CARTRIDGE LOADING FINANCE.

Gunmakers who do their own loading are much perturbed by the recently issued revised prices, which have to a great extent thrown out of gear the cost of components. Briefly, their effect has been to reduce to very slender dimensions the difference between the cost of cases, powder, wads and shot and that of the same articles in the form of a complete cartridge. Many of the most notable gunmakers, both in London and the provinces, have devoted lifelong study to the problems of loading, and as a consequence have built up a valuable clientele. Others, equally notable, recognising that there is not much opening for original treatment, have been content to buy ready-loaded cartridges. When all is said, every loader is dependent upon absolute standardisation of the various components, and can do no better than load according to prescription. Clearly, the manufacturer would prefer to supply the complete article, and he can advance his wish by adjusting the cost of components so that the loader must work for nothing if he wishes to supply cartridges of his own loading at current market prices. Trade loading of an inaccurate order has always called forth my reprobation, but for accurate loading, whoever may do it, I have none but the highest respect. The

situation which has been created is extremely puzzling, the more so because the sportsman who has been well served during many years by a painstaking loader attributes transcendent quality to the goods so produced. There are, again, many sportsmen who use special loads, and they are just as faithful to them as to their favourite propellant—perhaps without scientific justification, but taste, as we so well know, shows no obedience to law. These men have hitherto drawn their supplies at ordinary prices, but as the wholesaler deals only with standard loads they must buy from the retail loader, presumably at a somewhat enhanced price. In many of its aspects the difference which has arisen is concerned only with domestic trading arrangements, and therefore does not come within our purview. But in the domain of public interest is the fact that progress has been largely promoted in the past by the experimental processes comprised in the work of trade loaders, who as a class are intimately in touch with sporting requirements and results. The manufacturer does not enjoy the same associations, and in all probability does not realise either the extent to which they have inspired his achievements in the past, or the risk of stagnation which may follow from cutting himself adrift from so valuable an auxiliary.

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS MINIATURE RIFLE SHOOTING

MALVERN.

MALVERN'S O.T.C. strength of 575 represents 99.4 per cent. of the boys in the school, not a bad result for voluntary enlistment. On his return from France two years ago Captain H. D. E. Elliott took over the duties of commanding officer, and has been successful in infusing a wonderful standard of keenness among the members, *inter alia* in the department of shooting. The shooting instructor is Sergeant-Major Symonds, formerly of the R.F.A., other work absorbing the attention of Sergeant-Majors Connor and Robinson. Mr. J. D. Monro, who holds a corps commission, is captain of shooting and also of the school.

The range, situated in the school grounds, is a covered building, and was constructed for the well nigh obsolete distance of 50 yds. A midway butt is accordingly used, plans being under discussion for utilising the present dead space for the erection of moving and other targets of an advanced type. The top light over the firing point is the most ample I have yet seen, that over the targets not so good, but the alterations in prospect are calculated to remedy that deficiency. The firing point is a sloped platform furnished with gymnasium mats which supply ample space for the usual four shooters. The target background, as represented by iron plates, is coloured black, the targets thereby standing out in sharp definition, though the effect is not so useful for sight definition as, for instance, the sandbank which is usually to be found in outdoor ranges, but seldom under cover. Some attempt should certainly be made to standardise the detail of background, for the target alone does not supply a sufficient ground colour for viewing in profile the shoulders of the U back-sight. A bullet-catcher, which need not be larger than the target, might deal with the large majority of shots delivered. In all probability the best background would be steel plates sloped at the angle of a sand heap and periodically washed with a buff colour. This point is very important where the snap-shooting

practice at the figure target is concerned, for very large score differences are induced by the variations which I have observed at different places. Certainly, the shade value of the figure target also needs standardising and would presumably be in the

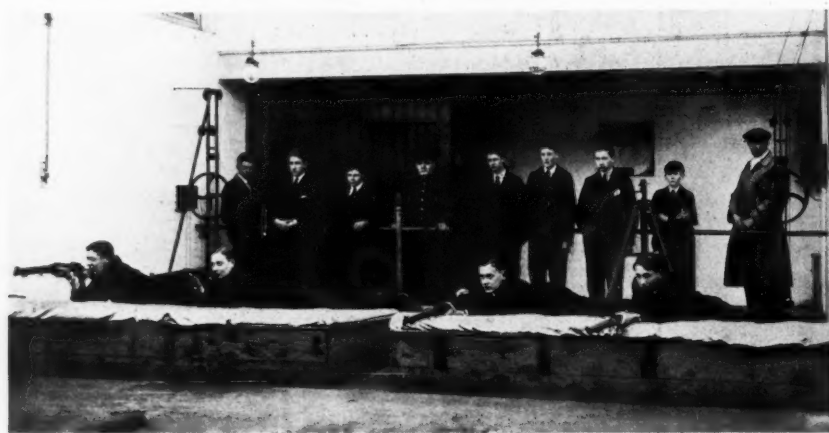


INSTRUCTION IN AIMING.

vicinity of brown paper, so as to be definitely darker than its chosen background. Usually it outrages nature by being white against black. These remarks have particular point in regard to Malvern, where the hits on the figure target were not in proportion to the quality of skill exhibited in the grouping and rapid fire practices.

During my visit a correspondence match took place, but excellent as this institution may be, it could be usefully supplemented by visits to the schools on either side. What I have in mind is a chain of matches so arranged that participating teams would gain, partly by inspection and partly by word of mouth, that knowledge of methods of other schools which, at the moment I alone seem to possess. On the range, discipline is good and the work seriously regarded, but I was warned that the ten who were present, each and all anxious to earn places in the eight, were the finished product and that the rawer material was necessarily rather less strikingly equipped with grave demeanour. But the general standard is certainly high, as might be assumed from the fact that Colonel M. Earle, of the O.T.C. Administrative Department at the War Office, is one of the governors and takes particular interest in the well-being of the corps.

MAX BAKER.



THE FIRING POINT AFFORDS AMPLE ACCOMMODATION FOR FOUR MARKSMEN.